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AT a meeting recently, a young doctor arose and propounded the following problem to his fellow-scientists: "You see a substance. You wish to measure this substance. You have no means of measuring it, so you decide to build a measuring machine. Into this measuring machine you build your notion of how the substance should be measured. When you come to measure the substance, therefore, you are measuring it by your own notion, which you have built into the measuring machine. How is it possible, then, to come to any scientific conclusion, since every conclusion is colored by your own notion?"

ON the day following we were interested to read that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Hadley had just been visiting Yale University. Each had been asked how Yale compared with the University they had known in the old days. Said one, in effect: "It seems to me that everything is so organized that individuality is being crushed." Said the other (also in effect): "It seems to me that individualism is so sought after and unrestrained that the old values are being lost."

Apparently, each man measured Yale according to his own notion, with the result that Yale itself remained, very possibly, completely out of the picture.

TO The Outlook this is another reinforcement of its policy of printing leading articles with which it does not always agree—in part or whole. Certainly, no journal which printed merely the opinion of its editors would be rendering a genuine service to its readers. It would be insisting merely upon conveying its own notions to its subscribers. And in so doing would sufficiently enlarge neither their knowledge nor its own.

THE OUTLOOK believes that the writers and "notions" which it selects for its readers are, to the best of its belief, worth while and valuable, as well as readable. Furthermore, it believes that even when mistakes are made, the very mistakes themselves tend in the end to a clearer view of the truth. And that is all The Outlook is after.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

"GIRL KNEELING"

By Maurice Sterne

Modern American painting may be divided into two branches: the older, the expression of a Western and Anglo-Gallic culture; the newer, springing from a distinctly Oriental background, makes a more sensuous appeal. Of this second style, the work of Maurice Sterne is an important example

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The Outlook

Volume 148 February 22, 1928 Number 8

Herbert Hoover

A Political Portrait

By SILAS BENT

HERBERT HOOVER'S political opinions are hazy in the public mind. Not in a generation has there been an outstanding candidate for the Presidency about whose partisan commitments so little was generally known. The brilliance of the Secretary's record as an administrator has dimmed his record as a Republican official. "I am a partisan member of my party," he once declared. But where does he stand on the tariff, on State rights, on farm relief, on Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, on immigration and labor, on the League of Nations and the World Court?

What the public remembers clearly, I believe, is that Mr. Hoover was undecided in 1920 whether to cast in his lot with the Democrats or the Republicans. Since then he has made up his mind pretty fully, and he has made political speeches; but less attention has been paid to them than to his views on economic problems. From his published utterances it is possible to answer many of the questions which present themselves, and to answer some specifically.

ANY political portrait of the Secretary of Commerce must begin with a statement of his regularity in the matters of a protective tariff, immigration, and the farmer. But these are generalizations. I find nothing to show how high a tariff wall he favors, or whether, if he were President, he would shelve Tariff Commission findings for lower duties on sugar and linseed oil, as Mr. Coolidge has done. Nor is there anything to show whether he would sympathize with the movement for a revision downward of the general schedules. In alluding to immigration, he has not said whether he favors restriction on a Nordic basis. And as to the farmer, there is only approval of the co-operative movement, with a recommendation that it be extended and intensified. It is known that Mr. Hoover favored the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill, but he has not said so publicly. He is in the dilemma common to Republican politicians, of favoring a subsidy to manufacturers through the tariff, but no subsidy to the farmer.

Generally, it is supposed that Mr. Hoover is a bureaucratic believer in centralized government. This is in error. Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, is not more forthright in decrying centralization and paternalism. Let me quote some passages:

"Our Government was devised to sustain a dual purpose: to protect our people among nations by a great National power, and to preserve individual freedom and local responsibility by local self-government under guaranties from the Federal authority. Through the character of our Government as a confederation of sovereign States, each with major power and responsibility for the welfare of its own citizens, there was established a decentralization of authority which guarantees not alone the maintenance of liberty from the freezing of central bureaucracy and stimulates maintenance of local responsibility, but our system of decentralization has within it the unique mobility to adapt its institutions to meet new conditions, and thus preserve a vigorous and progressive National life. By our system there were established forty-eight experimental laboratories for development in government."

"Throughout the world in general perhaps the most vital of all issues is the danger of destruction to representative government through the overloading of government and the centralization of government."

Alexander Hamilton would turn over in his grave were he to hear a Republican Cabinet officer ignoring in this fashion the doctrine of "implied powers." Mr. Hoover talks like a good Jeffersonian. And in this he is not alone in his party. Senator William E. Borah is a strong State rights man, and President Coolidge has followed suit on occasion. But Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, applies the principle to the prohibition question and the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment by the Federal power, through the machinery of the Volstead Act. Where does Mr. Hoover stand on that?

Mr. Hoover has taken no stand on that in his speeches. His approval of prohibition is economic. He attributes this country's recovery from the shock of the World War in part to abstinence from alcoholic liquors. Into the question of Federal regulation of personal habits and moral standards he has not entered. His pronouncements have been made in two public speeches and a newspaper interview, from which I will set down passages:

"It [the improved standard of living] is due to the increased skill, the advancement in science, *to temperance,* to the improvement of processes, more labor-saving devices—but most of all it is due to the tremendous strides made in industrial administration and commercial organization in the elimination of waste in effort and materials."

"The application of the many discoveries in the physical sciences, the increase in efficiency both in workers and executives, the elimination of industrial waste, and *the advent of prohibition*

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have raised our standards of living and material comfort to a height unparalleled in our history, and therefore in the history of the world."

"There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, prohibition has proved its case. I think increased temperance over the land is responsible for a good share of the enormously increased efficiency in production, which statistics gathered by the Department of Commerce show to have followed passage of the dry laws."

In that interview Mr. Hoover declined to say whether he thought prohibition had justified itself as a moral agency. Proof of this, he said, was difficult to find, one way or the other, in the strictly practical field. Senator Borah has been threatening to bring him more fully into the open on the prohibition question by addressing direct inquiries to him; and he may do so before this article appears in print.

In regard to the relation of the Government to business, Mr. Hoover has expressed his attitude clearly by congratulating the Republican Party on having "restored the Government to its position as an umpire and not a player in the economic game." There are "faint odors of Socialism" in the country, as manifested in the groups which would have the operation of public utilities undertaken by the Federal Administration or the individual States; in the fall of 1926 the Secretary, answering such groups, illustrated the evils of Governmental management.

"There is no better example," he said, "of the incompetence of Government to conduct business than the recent history of our railways. Our railways in the year before being freed from Government operation employed 1,990,000 men and were not able to meet the demand for transportation. The producer and the consumer both paid out hundreds of millions in losses because of this strangulation in transportation. Five years later we find our railways under private enterprises were employing 1,746,000 men, or 250,000 fewer; they transported fourteen per cent more goods; the rates were reduced; the earnings have been increased; they met every demand of service; the wages of their employees had a higher purchasing power. That is a sufficient sermon on Government operation."

In the light of this paragraph, it seems safe to assume that Mr. Hoover would oppose Government operation of power plants at Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals. On the latter development the Government has spent $125,000,000, and the dams already built are capable of producing about 100,000 primary horse-power, with a seasonal production of a million horse-power. The dispute about the development of this country's hydroelectric resources is one of the bitterest before the present Congress. A "power lobby" is maintained at Washington at a cost, it is asserted, of $25,000 a month, and the issue is certain to echo through the coming campaign, whether or not Mr. Hoover is one of the standard-bearers.

In this case the question of Governmental operation assumes a special form, since a natural monopoly is involved, and it is the monopoly of a public resource. It is probable that Mr. Hoover will be asked to clarify his position with reference to it. The Scripps-Howard papers, which have taken much interest in the projects, and which have come out in support of the Secretary, may want to know. They are already in a somewhat delicate position, as Mr. Hoover is dry and they are outspoken advocates of modification of the Volstead Act; and they are likely to wish to seem as little inconsistent as possible with former pronouncements during the campaign.

In regard to labor and wages, Mr. Hoover's attitude may be classed as enlightened. One of his statements, comparing wage advances for various years with commodity prices, provoked criticism because the price level cited was of average wholesale goods, whereas the laborer does not buy at wholesale. But the Secretary's attitude is fairly illustrated, I think, in the following passage:

"Nor have these advances in the condition of American labor been accomplished by the grinding of men between the millstones of industry. The hours of labor have sensibly decreased, the amount of leisure has increased. A Republican President and his Cabinet finally cured that great sore of the labor world—the twelve-hour day and the eighty-four-hour week. It has now been abolished from all American industry. And this was accomplished, not by legislation, not by strikes, but by co-operation between the Government and industries themselves. . . . The wage-earner of America today has much to lose by a change in National policies."

And in another place, speaking of "the American woman in the kitchen," "The most precious economic thing in her life is an honest-to-God job for her man." The mystical faith attributed to Mr. Coolidge in the spiritual by-products of prosperity apparently is shared to some extent by his Cabinet officer. "Intellectual, moral, and spiritual products," Mr. Hoover has said, "are not the products of poverty. Upon the structure of material progress as a base we are erecting a structure of idealism that would be impossible without the material foundation. . . . In America today, the poorhouse . . . has become nearly as extinct as the slave-block."

Praising the two-party political system, Mr. Hoover has more than once noted the ill effect of a Congress arrayed against the Chief Executive. "We have in the past," he once observed, "given too little thought to the vital part which the organization of political parties and their single responsibility plays in the whole machinery of democracy. . . . If you will examine the breakdown of one democracy after another in Europe, . . . you will find that it is the repeated failure of their people to place political responsibility and authority in one single party at a time, and to continue its policies, which has broken down their democracies. . . . A Congress in control of one party and an Executive in control of another party in our Government means complete negation of our own theory of government."

This line of reasoning is sufficient justification of Mr. Hoover's letter, in 1918, urging that a Democratic Congress be returned. With a Democrat in the White House, his theory of democratic processes demanded that Mr. Wilson be supported on the Hill. There is no need to palliate the letter on the ground that it looked solely to successful prosecution of the war. It looked also to the fixing of party responsibility.

In the field of foreign relations, Mr. Hoover's stand is fairly definite. He is commonly thought to be more "internationally minded" than most of the other men in American public life. He has spoken with strong disapprobation of the lending of money abroad "for unproductive purposes," which was construed as meaning for the maintenance of armed forces; and he has disapproved quite as strongly of alien combinations to restrict the supply or regulate the price of raw materials needed by American producers. His attitude toward co-operation with

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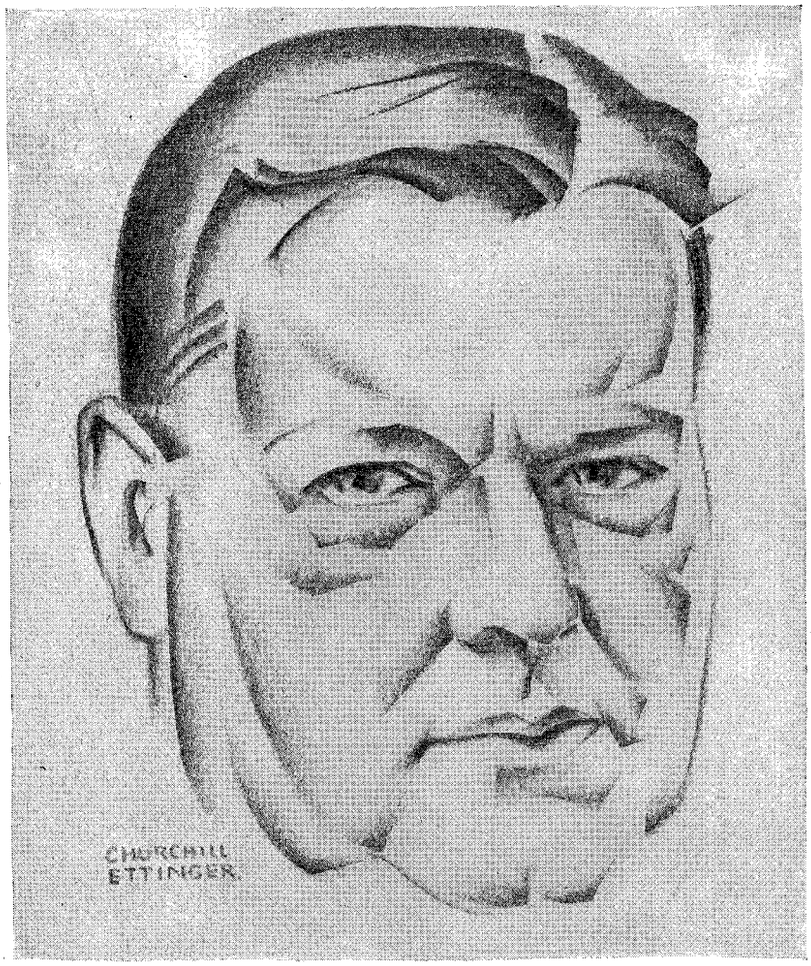

Herbert C. Hoover

other countries and toward the World Court was defined in an address to an international convention of the Y. M. C. A. Of this, only part of one paragraph needs be quoted:

"And in the field of international relations the duty of the people of the United States corporately and individually to continue to assist in recovery, reconstruction, and reconciliation cannot be questioned or shirked in any informed and unbiased quarter, whether action is to be motivated by enlightened self-interest or idealism. The Washington Disarmament Conference, the work of the Dawes Commission on Reparations, the negotiations beginning in China, the new agreement at Locarno, our support to settlement of international friction through arbitration and the World Court —all these are milestones marking a course of international co-operation."

At another time Mr. Hoover referred to the Washington Conference with an enthusiasm which events have not justified. "The Washington Arms Conference," he said, "not only stopped the growth of competitive armaments, but established the fact that disarmament is a practicable thing. It showed the road to further achievement." But the further achievement did not come at Geneva, and the present demands on Congress of the Secretary of the Navy do not indicate that anything has "stopped the growth of competitive armaments."

As a member of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, Mr. Hoover shares with Secretary Mellon and his other associates responsibility for the settlements with Great Britain and France. By this service his attitude toward the interallied debts, and toward the tariff attacks which have sprung from the settlements, is definitely fixed. As Chairman, Mr. Mellon has felt it incumbent on him to answer critics of the settlements and of the tariff as an obstacle to payments. There has been no need for Mr. Hoover to speak.

Let those who think that war is promoted for selfish reasons by capitalist interests hear Mr. Hoover (who is of Quaker origin) on that point: "No country profits by war. We made no profits from it. We had only gigantic losses. We lost thousands of precious lives. We lost thirty or forty billions of dollars directly; we incurred obligations to the soldiers who fought in that war which are costing us billions more; the war wasted billions in disorganized agriculture, industry, and commerce."

WHILE no one can gainsay that politics is based on economics, and that the principal questions it presents are business questions, the practice of politics nevertheless is a man-to-man activity. Underlying and infusing politics is the human relation. That the Secretary of Commerce understands this is revealed in a booklet, published in 1922, on "American Individualism." It is impossible here to summarize the philosophy which underlies the book, but scattered passages from it will indicate its trend:

"Forty years ago the contact of the individual with the Government had its largest expression in the sheriff or policeman, and in debates over political equality. In those happy days the Government offered but small interference with the economic life of the citizen. But with the vast development of industry and the train of regulating functions of the National and municipal government that followed from it; with the recent vast increase in taxation due to the war —the Government has become through its relations to economic life the most potent force for maintenance or destruction of our American individualism."

Mr. Hoover perceives the danger not only of political but of economic invasion of personal freedom, and notes that these forces need "tuning to our social system." But he asserts that improved standards of living and increased comforts should be "the first of the considerations" in the public thought. The automatic monotony of labor he holds to be compensated by shorter hours of work and longer hours of leisure; and there is the added reward of a more general prosperity.

"We have a distaste," he says, "for the very expression of 'class,' but if we would use European scales of 'classes' we would find that above their scale of 'lower classes' we have in equivalent comfort, morality, understanding, and intelligence fully eighty per cent of our native-born whites. No European state will lay claim to thirty per cent of this order."

Our material advance, in comparison with the Continent, can hardly be stated thus in percentages—it is too vastly greater; but with it we have suffered a retrogression of individual refinements

(*Please turn to continuation, page 287*)

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A Business Woman on Companionate Marriage

By M. G. L. BLACK

IT is strange that this question that is receiving so much attention from students of sociology, religion, and medicine, not to mention the mere men, has received so little notice from women; and, as far as I know, nothing has appeared on the subject from that very large group which might naturally be considered greatly involved in any such change, namely, the unmarried business woman.

Dr. Joseph Collins is one of the few who does not actually ignore us, and even he seems to think the worst of us, and to imagine that we will naturally go the way of least resistance; though in fairness I must add that he makes the suggestion somewhat in the form of a wondering question. Even if we have not been asked our opinion, we have thought a great deal about this subject and related ones, and it may throw some light on the whole problem if I tell you what, as a class, we think of marriage, and love, and sex responsibilities.

While many very young girls have proved themselves most efficient business women, I will not deal with the younger group, but rather with those women from twenty-five years old and up, those who are more or less successfully engaged in the professions or occupy senior business positions. Generally, we are earning almost as much as men in the same field. We are financially independent, and get great satisfaction out of our work and the part we play in the building up of our respective professions.

A few of us are out in the world from personal choice, but other reasons are responsible for the great mass of us—reasons social and economic. Many of our very kind married women friends assert that it is from choice, that we could have all been married had we wished to be. Others of a less kind disposition, and possessing an inordinate sense of their own charms, say that it is because we lack sex magnetism, and that consequently no one would have us.

Neither is correct. There are very few of us who would not have elected marriage, providing it were to the right man, and the reason we are as we are is that he did not come, or that he came at a time when family obligations prevented our accepting him. This certainly applies to the older ones, and, sad to say, the younger ones will be faced with the same tragedy as the years go by; for not only are there not enough suitable men to go around, but the great mass of women do not meet marriageable men of any kind.

Judge Ben Lindsey's much-debated plea for a more enlightened attitude toward marriage, birth control, and sex education finds another defender in this article by a business woman. "Such knowledge," she ventures, "will not result in any breakdown of standards of ethics. It may result in changes in view-point and a broader and more generous sympathy, but nothing else. Truth never does evil, and the withholding of truth never does good."

The teachers in their work meet only the rare male principal, who is either married or else impossibly young. The stenographer and clerk may or may not meet a few more. The nurses, of course, have a much wider experience, though, truth to tell, a male patient is not likely to arouse much romance in the nurse attending him, and the older group of doctors are usually married. A few of us are more fortunately placed, and are brought in fairly constant contact with men; but even we find it difficult, if not bad business, to allow such contacts to develop into anything of a social character, much as we would like it at times. There are some women who are incapable of earning a living or are too lazy to do so, who would marry any man who came along; but, generally speaking, the business woman is sufficiently sophisticated to know that marriage rarely frees a woman from work and responsibility. And, anyway, her ideals are usually fairly high, and she would consider marriage without love as being both unfair and indecent.

EMPHATICALLY, we are not where we are because of any antipathy to men. Allowing for a few abnormal exceptions, we all like the society of men, and would do anything within reason to extend our circle of men friends. We like their companionship, and their conversation, and their protecting attitude towards us, and their presence gives us a feeling of confidence and self-respect. The great majority of us are quite unconscious of the physical charm that may exist, even though we feel the presence of a hope that the right man may come to the circle, and that marriage may result. Marriage to the average one of us simply means companionship, protection, a home, and children. The truth of this statement can be easily confirmed by questioning one's married women friends, who often acknowledge that their first information in regard to the physical side of marriage, apart from motherhood, is given them by their husbands. I am not suggesting that such ignorance is desirable, but simply that it is common.

Our disappointment in not getting married is often lessened when we study in cold blood the lives of some of our married friends. Often the companionship, that to us appears the be-all and end-all, is non-existent. The children, which we look upon as the essential part of the home, are not there; and, watching closely the husband and wife, we wonder what marriage has meant to them, anyway. We dare not say this beyond our own circle, or we would be charged with sour grapes. It is very curious though, that, while the kindest of these married women patronize us and commiserate us on the subject of our loneliness, they often make us confidants of their own marital troubles, which, to our minds, appear far greater than any little worries that we may have by ourselves.

Even when it is suggested by those who study us that marriage, or at least some sex relations, would give us greater health and more physical beauty, we wonder if they can be correct; for as we look around we see far more nervous wrecks among the married women than among the business women. As for physical beauty, age for age, not many of us would be willing to take a back seat. Every now and then the husbands of these women seem to look upon us as if we had attractions that put us in the class that was to be desired.

Many people seem to imagine that we women who have had no sex experience are free from all worries that might be the result of sex. This is not correct, though I must say that it is quite remarkable how many women there are of

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a fairly ripe age who never give sex, as relating to themselves, a thought. They know that they experience certain emotions, but they never analyze themselves sufficiently to realize their source or import. On the other hand, many of us are fully sex-conscious and realize completely what the longings mean. We know that we are not getting all out of life that we should by rights, and we often rebel at our physical and spiritual and social limitations. Keenly, though, as we feel this, there is another thought that is almost universal among us, and that is, that the desire to have a thing does not give us the right to have, and that nothing is to be had without paying for it in full.

Accepting the fact that marriage is impossible for us, many of us also know that so-called illicit relations are quite possible. That knowledge does not come to us as a temptation. Many wives do not see in us protectors, and many a man fails to recognize that we often save him from himself. Apart, though, from our obligation to others, we dare not indulge, for our own sakes. We would be afraid of the fire we would be kindling, and of the physical dangers (not the now apparently avoidable pregnancy) that we would be bringing on ourselves. A few might be tempted for the sake of the experience, but even then only if they were convinced that it was as rare an occasion for the man as for themselves. What mere lover can believe that of a man when she knows that in the act he is being untrue to others?

THIS may seem to be a very long introduction to the question, "What is the business women's opinion of Companionate Marriage?" We know that birth control is practiced, for we are not blind. We have heard in more or less detail of some of the methods. They interest us, but they do not affect us. We think that knowledge of methods should be more easily obtainable, for the sake of the unfortunate unwanted babies, born in or out of wedlock, that might otherwise be brought into the world. We are deeply interested in equal moral standards, though generally, we prefer that that result be got by raising the present standards of men rather than by lowering ours.

In the meantime, though, anything that will help our little weak sister along the highway of life meets with our entire sympathy, and we believe that Companionate Marriage as defined by Judge Lindsey is going to do that.

We know that many young persons are carried away by emotions too great for them to control, and we do not think that such an experience should damn them for all time. On the other hand, we emphatically feel that had we been married and the mothers of these boys and girls we might have helped them to avoid the pitfalls in which they find themselves. Great sport is made of the old maid's children, but the fact remains that we know life in a way that few married women have seen it, and that we understand the needs of these children as few parents do. Why, otherwise, do they turn to us by the score and tell us things that they would fear to tell their parents?

We feel that sex is only one phase of life, even though the most important one, and that it is quite possible to live a very normal, healthy, and happy life and only use those emotions indirectly. We feel that sex education in the home is the ideal method of meeting the problem, but, as that is more than we can hope for, it must be given in other ways. This would help these young people, not only now, but it will be of the greatest value to the girls as they grow into our own class of unmarried business women. Life would be much easier to bear if ignorance were removed, and women learned, not only the physical side of sex, but its psychology and its relationship to the other emotions, and how each can be controlled and its forces directed to the greatest good of the individual and the community.

Such knowledge will not result in any breakdown of standards of ethics. It may result in changes in view-point and a broader and more generous sympathy, but nothing else. Truth never does evil, and the withholding of truth never does good. Who dares dictate to me what I shall know? My acts may have to be controlled for the greatest good to the greatest number, but only when those governing me, having been chosen by me, have given me their fullest confidence. The great injustices of the ages have been due to attempts by those in authority to withhold knowledge of things religious, scientific, or social, and, sad to say, woman has often been the special victim of this injustice. We may be shocked at the first reading of Judge Lindsey's book, but when we once realize that all he wants is fair play for all, and especially for women, then we business women gladly ignore our prejudices and tabus, and join with him in the struggle to bring it about.

Herbert Hoover

(*Continued from page 285*)

and personal freedoms. Mr. Hoover, the prophet and apologist of the American industrial order, counts the gain far greater than the cost. His plea for individualism becomes a plea for the free play of initiative in business. His philosophy, translated into policies and platforms, becomes an advocacy of restricted immigration, prohibition, and the tariff, none of which is conducive to full equality of opportunity and the untrammeled operation of individualism. There is a sharp division between the civilization of the New World and the Old, a division which goes deeper, of course, than platforms. The Secretary of Commerce is fully committed to civilization, American style.

The Secretary is an eminently educable man. Since the summer of 1920, when he got only five and one-half votes on the first ballot in the Republican National Convention, despite a country-wide demand that he be nominated, he has learned a lot about politics. The fact is registered in his success in getting through Congress measures he wants for his Department. No other member of the Cabinet, it is safe to say, has nearly so high a batting average on the Hill. To manipulate Congress is politics of an extremely high and complex order. The Secretary's attainments in that direction have been obscured by his activities in lifting an inconsequential department to a high and useful rank, in organizing hundreds of volunteer committees of business men, in flood relief, the collection and distribution of statistics, the encouragement within the law of trade associations, and in standardizing both raw materials and commodity manufacture.

Mr. Hoover's status as a practical politician is further defined by the management of his candidacy. It was not an avowed candidacy until the Ohio situation forced it into the open, yet even earlier it reached such proportions as to consolidate the groups which oppose it and to cause the Secretary himself to apply a brake, on the principle that makes a jockey put his mount under wraps. The whole set-up gave evidence of the canniness of Mr. Hoover and his advisers. The engineer had learned some lessons about a new kind of machinery.

Mr. Hoover must now be accepted, not only as an administrator, but as a politician and a partisan.

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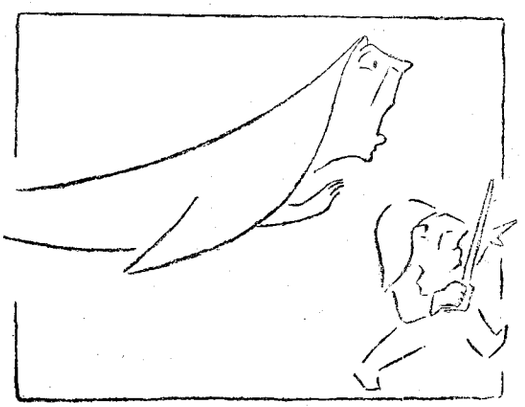
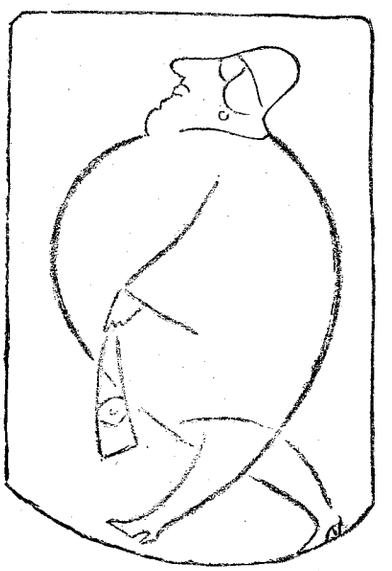
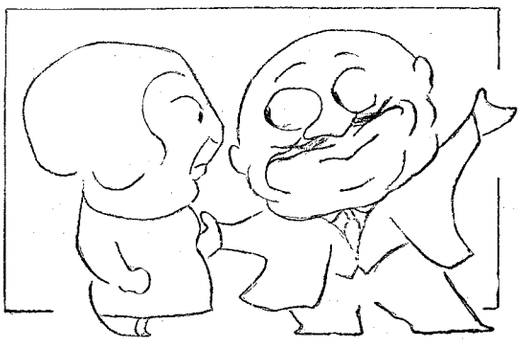
Pictures of Thoughts



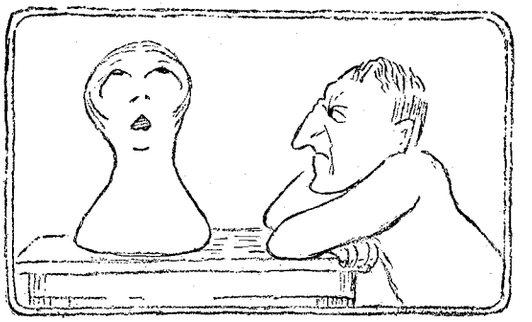
Never think a hero waits
To be guided by the Fates.
On he marches, proud and grim,
Leaving Fate to follow him.



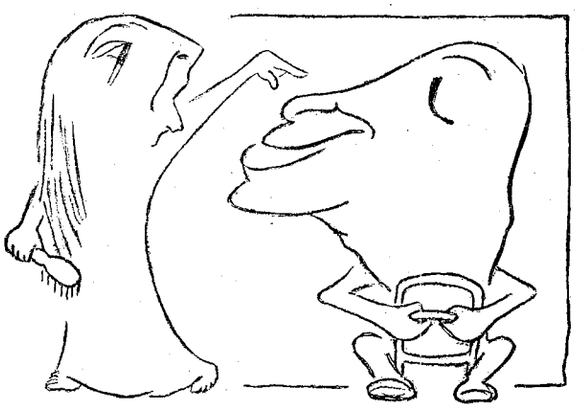
There is no jewel like to peace of mind



This lady with the stony eye
Is listening to an alibi
Which its inventor can't conceive
She'll have the heart to disbelieve



Oh, why the frown, the puzzled stare,
When there is almost nothing there?
But somehow what there is defies
Analysis, however wise.



Sitting tight

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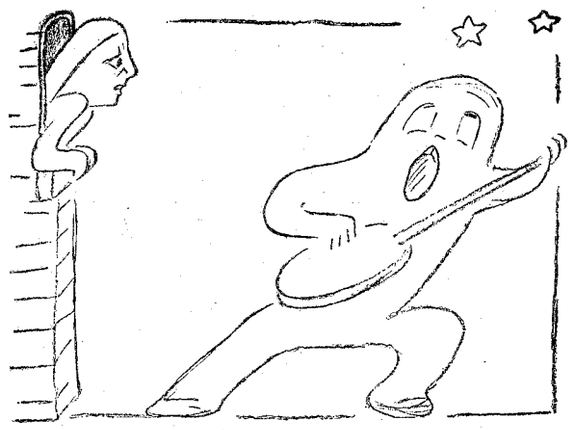
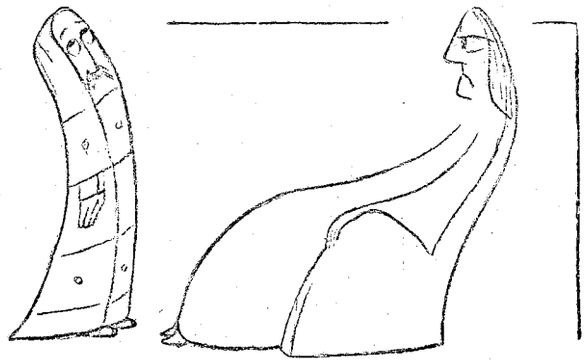
Drawings and Clues by Clarence Day

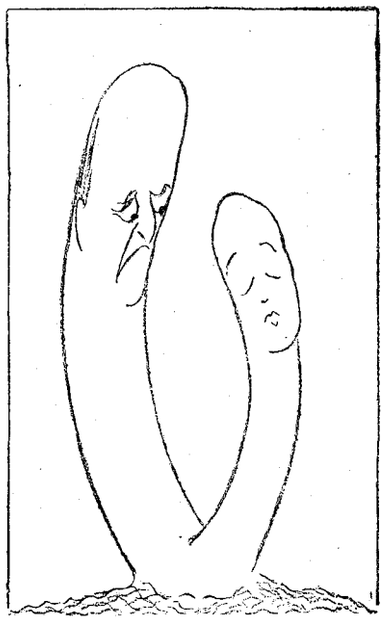
Mother and daughter as they are
Would make a different picture, far.
But this is how a girl and mother
Appear, at moments, to each other.



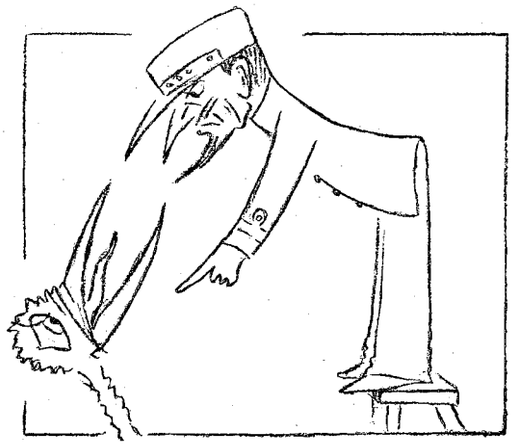
She heard a song; and then appeared
A being who his love bemoaned—
Complacent, self-absorbed, and weird.
"So this is Man," she groaned.



Wedlock



One flesh



Futile, futile, all debate.
Kiss or curse her; love or hate.
He who reasons with a friend
Brings the friendship to an end.

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Is Suburban Living a Delusion?

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

YEARS ago I felt rather amused at a friend of ours who vehemently announced as his policy "the whole hog or none." By this he meant, "Either I'll live in the most convenient, centrally located city apartment I can afford, or I'll live out in the real country, no matter how many miles I commute." There was no middle—or suburban—ground for him!

At that time we were living in New York, and were thinking of a suburban home. The country looked impossible to us, and suburban life seemed the very maximum of desirability.

Fifteen years later, after we have tried all modes of living and are settled in our point of view, I can see precisely what my friend meant, and agree with him, with the emphasis on the "whole hog," namely, the country.

I have definitely come to the conclusion that suburban living—meaning the neat little colonies of houses in suburban villages—is a snare and a delusion from almost any angle you wish to approach it. Doubtless this will be to many a somewhat startling and sweeping assertion, but I assure you that it is no mere ill-considered whim. My opinion rests upon more than personal preference; I believe that large numbers of people are making this decision on the basis of valuation of the facts—chief of which are the great advance in apartment convenience, on the one hand; and, on the other, the automobile, the bus, and other improved transportation, better roads, the growth of the outdoor idea, and general increase of wealth.

Of course, the suburb has been, and is, an interesting half-way house; in fact, for large numbers of our population it is the best thing available. For many others it is a good temperamental fit. But I am speaking now, not of the general run of people, but of the more sophisticated and individual types. For these the suburb is sometimes utterly intolerable, and nearly always a disappointment. It is the very apotheosis of standardization at its bitter worst.

Now, I believe in standardization *of the mechanism of life*. That is why an up-to-date city apartment is the last word in comfort and preferable to the suburb. The sad truth is that the suburb standardizes those things which a true individual doesn't want standardized, and leaves unstandardized those things he most desires standardized.

THE suburban house, for instance. I suppose architects get pleasure out of the neat little toy houses on their neat little patches of lawn and their neat colonial lives, to say nothing of the neat little housewives and their neat little children—all set in neat rows, for all the world like children's blocks. To me it seems for all the world like Elsie Dinsmore's idea of a heaven or a German toy-maker's idea of angels and golden streets. The very aspect of it offends me deeply. It is so sugary and commonplace; so pathetic in its pretense of an individualism which doesn't exist. The little gingerbread attempts to achieve difference are so palpably hollow and unsuccessful. The apartment-house is a much more frank standardization of life, and a far more efficient one. It doesn't pretend that it is a country villa when it isn't. It doesn't boast a garden when there is only a patch of grass. It doesn't pretend that it is a Home (with a capital H) when it is only a flat. It doesn't make believe that it gives me elbow room when the breakfast quarrel or the cries of the new baby of the newly-weds in the next suburban home are perfectly audible to two or three neighboring "private homes."

If Irvin Cobb's famous phrase, "no more privacy than a goldfish," is applicable to anything, it is applicable to a suburban house. For real privacy, give me an apartment! The only person who should live in the suburbs is the one who loathes privacy, is afraid of it; whose heart leaps with joy when the telephone rings for the tenth time in an hour; and who glows like a glowworm when people "drop in" at any old hour. I have enjoyed myself like Thoreau in the privacy of his forest retreat while living in a New York apartment; but in the suburb I have never felt like anything but a worm trying to crawl over a much-betraveled roadway. Privacy is not a commodity to be had in the suburbs except at great trouble and cost and the making of enemies.

Standardization in the suburbs is not applied, as it should be, to the comfort of living, but to the flattening out of personal individuality. A suburban house at once raises living cost; at once increases the burden of living, and at once makes slaves out of its occupants. It creates a separate menage, with separate furnace, service, repair, cleaning, and supply problems, all of which the apartment leaps over with an agile stride. For what purpose is such an "individual" house? Certainly not to attain separateness, for, as I have just pointed out, there is greater separateness and privacy in an apartment. Certainly not to secure more comfort, for the work burden is doubled and trebled, with often distinctly less comfort. Certainly not to attain beauty and "spacious living," for only the *bourgeois* can see beauty and spacious living in these serried rows of homes. Certainly not to be more independent, for the suburban servant problem is heartrending.

FOR a long time I was puzzled over the reasons why many people liked the suburbs. I saw them make little use of the boasted open air. I saw them suffer with furnace and servant problems. I saw them assume heavy financial burdens to pay for homes. I saw them inconvenienced, and often ill-tempered about it. I saw them forbear having children, when they had said that they moved to the suburb "for the children's sake." But still they clung to the suburb.

The reason, I finally fathomed, was *social*. There was a magnificent delusion working in their veins. For the truth must be told: the suburb is the social climber's imagined paradise. I say "imagined" advisedly, for those who are sophisticated know very well the silly fallacy in this. Some day Sinclair Lewis will become sane again and write another "Main Street," this time about suburban life. His "Babbitt" proves he is chosen of the gods for the task. It will be a gorgeous panorama of naïveté and "boobery," and disclose the "suburbiana" life as it is lived daily in two thousand or more suburbs, a considerable part of whose inhabitants dramatize themselves as social climbers. It explains the bizarre suburban country club conception of society which we have been developing in America and which Hergesheimer has satirized.

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To be sound in my observations I must, of course, say that a great many people who live in suburbs are entirely beyond the scope of these critical remarks. They have an individual standard and are little touched by the mass psychology of Suburbiana. In fact, it would be absurd of me to be critical of anybody's standards. My point is only that they are pursuing delusions, and that a large number of people who desire to move from the city to the suburbs possess these delusions, and nobody tells them the truth, especially about the social delusion.

This social delusion has two aspects. One is the honest and praiseworthy desire of parents to have their children "meet nice young folks" and enjoy what they believe will be "a more wholesome social life"—which is believed to come more naturally and easily in a suburb of "charming little homes." The second social delusion is the hope of parents or young married people that they will "get in with" nice groups of people, who are also believed to be present and accessible, more easily and naturally in the suburbs.

In my opinion, these are absolute snares and delusions. What most people fail to realize is that in a suburb you simply recreate the psychology of the small town all over again. Many of the folk who fled from the small town to the large city, thankful to escape from the "narrowness" of small-town social life, now naïvely go to the suburbs expecting a social miracle or utopia. What they get is the same old Main Street!

They encounter the same snobbery, cliques, division of groups on the basis of wealth, the same gossipy, prying standard of the village. The one difference is that the newcomer can make a "bluff" as to his status and social worth. The newcomer usually does! All the age-old protective mechanisms, class distinctions, and social clashes and ambitions then come into play, with all the same old results of the triumph of the parvenu and the making of mutually exclusive groups, cut to rigid patterns. Every one who has ever lived in a suburb—and cared enough about what went on socially there to observe—will bear me witness.

The parents, then, who desire "nice young folks" for their children to meet are soon told by their offspring—if they have not themselves noticed it—that the "charming suburb" is a social desert for any one who won't cut himself to the rigid pattern of a particular group. This pattern is so fixed that the young folks either become just like the rest of the "set," sinking to the level of the common denominator of that "set" and acquiring all the exact habits, slang, tastes, and philosophy of life of that "set," or else they rebel and "high hat" the whole suburb, and go to the city for their social life.

I believe it is splendidly to the credit of a great many young people that they choose the latter course. I hear many pathetic complaints of parents who long ago deliberately moved to the suburb "for the children's sake, socially," and then find that their young folk sneer at the suburb's social life and prefer the city.

I was visiting a suburban friend of mine recently. Helen, the daughter, was restless.

"Why don't you go across the street and visit Marian?" hopefully suggested my friend. "Her mother was saying today that Marian will be at home tonight, and wonders why you never come to see her any more."

"Marian's a little dumbbell," cruelly and impatiently vouchsafed Helen. "Why do you persist, mother, in shoving me into the arms of your neighbors in this dump of a suburb?"

My friend sighed. "And for twelve years," she told me later, "Harry and I have lived here, pointedly cultivating friends who had children of the age of our children, believing that we were doing our duty to our children. Frankly, I would have preferred the lesser burden of a city apartment, but we always thought of the children and how nice it would be if they grew up with the children of our neighbors here. But it's all a disappointment. Helen is constantly urging us to move to town, and as for Phil, he's never even been here long enough to bother about suburban social life. Preparatory school and college took him away, and vacations he's spent at camps. And now he's starting his work in Boston! Helen complains that her real friends are in town, and that she's cut out of many things because she lives in a suburb and always has to be catching trains. Why should I bother to keep this house going? The servant situation is getting worse. I think we shall move to the city."

No, I do not believe that suburban living is a particularly brilliant solution of social life for children.

As for adult society, the same general principle operates. If you are the kind of person who selects his or her friends on a "neighbor" basis, or a wealth basis, and if you have the rubber soul and cast-iron nerve necessary for social climbing, the suburb may be a good place for you. Doubtless you will get all the bridge parties, country club life, teas, telephone gossip, and invitations your soul craves, if you "play the game," suburban fashion, and aren't overly particular.

But you will definitely pass up the great social principle which has made the city a great institution, namely, the passing from the *neighbor* and hereditary social basis of the small town to the *interest* social basis of the city. By this I mean that in the small town the social life is based on your neighbors and the social place you were born into. In the city social life is based on the association of people with like interests. There are literary groups, music groups, business groups, chemical groups, athletic groups, political groups, etc. Clubs and organizations are the social methods for this purpose. At the Advertising Club or the Chemists' Club or the Arkwright Clubs in New York you meet people of distinctly subdivided interests, and that is, after all, the finest, soundest basis of friendship, as it is for love.

People from small towns are always mentioning the "coldness" of people in New York, where you do not usually speak to the family living in the flat next to yours. They think it indicates how socially "hard" New York is. But the real truth is that this is the very badge of New York's—and other large cities—social emancipation and modernness. It is the proof that in a highly civilized society we can choose our friends on a sounder basis than propinquity, and that we can thus be far more free to express our own individuality. A general social group, selected on a "neighbor" basis, always penalizes the individual type, and makes the contact agreeable only on the level of the common denominators of the group; bound to be most inane and standardized.

The suburb operates the neighborhood principle, plus the worst of all social principles of selection—wealth. It cannot operate an interest basis of social life to any great degree; and such as it can operate, like golf, it degenerates into a country club social stew, with all the defects which stews can develop.

So much for the suburb, the "half-hog," in my friend's parlance. The city

(*Please turn to continuation, page 313*)

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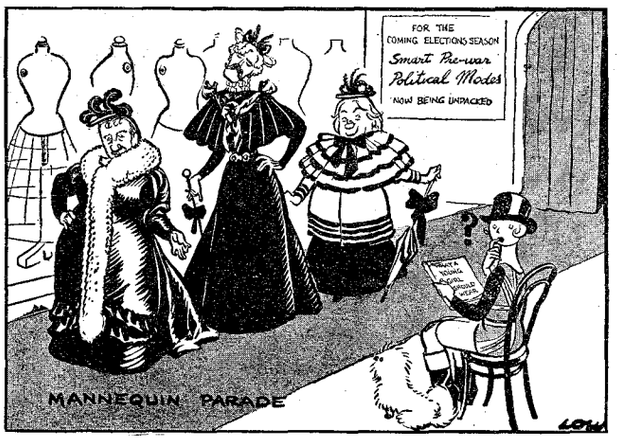
From European Papers

From the Evening Standard (London)

When Germania goes out to shop

From the Evening Standard (London)

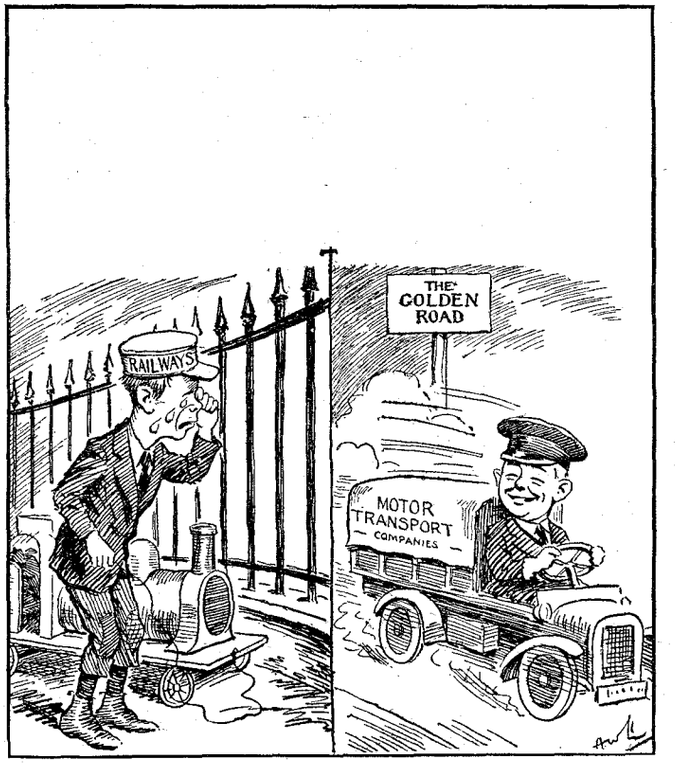


Politics for Joan Bull

From the Bulletin (Glasgow)

"Shucks! It's only a game, anyway!"

From the News of the World (London)



Raillery!

Motor boy: "What ho, laddie! I've got the best of you this time!"

Engine laddie: "P'raps so, boy; but if they'll let me out, I'll make you laugh on the other side."

The railway companies are applying for powers to undertake road transport in their respective areas

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

February 22, 1928

Hoover in the Open

BEFORE this is published it is probable that Herbert Hoover will have announced his intention of entering the Ohio primaries against Senator Frank B. Willis. Such an announcement will forecast his appearance in eight other States that hold Presidential primaries and give his candidacy a definiteness that it has hitherto lacked. While this will please those friends of Mr. Hoover who have been wondering lately if the strangely inept political gestures of 1920 were to be repeated this year, the beginning of an active campaign at this time is not without danger to his eventual success. The nominating convention is three months away, and it is possible to overtrain in politics as in sport.

The Sewing Circle in the Senate

BECOMING temporarily a committee of politicians, the United States Senate on February 10 adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of the Senate that the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

This resolution, which is wholly ineffective in law, was introduced by Senator La Follette, and was aimed at those who were talking about drafting President Coolidge. A clause commending President Coolidge for his decision in "observance of this precedent" was withdrawn when Senator Fess said that President Coolidge had made no such decision. Most of the Senators who voted against this resolution were opposed to Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 on the ground of this third-term tradition.

Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, remarked that the Senate, in taking this action, was like "an old ladies' sewing society."

Renewing a Fight with the Senate

GOVERNOR SMALL, of Illinois, has thrown down the gauntlet to the Senate. He has appointed Frank L. Smith to the seat from which the Senate excluded him. It now remains to be seen what the Senate will do with Mr. Smith when he arrives with his new credentials.

It will be the same Smith whom the Senate rejected because his nomination was tainted with campaign contributions from a utility magnate. But this time he comes, not as a Senator-elect, but as the Governor's appointee. He therefore comes with new credentials.

When Mr. Smith was excluded, he and the Governor were placed in a dilemma. They regarded the exclusion as invalid. Therefore they had to regard Mr. Smith still as a Senator illegally barred. Of course, under those conditions his seat was not vacant. From the Senate's point of view, Mr. Smith was not a Senator and one of Illinois's Senatorial seats was vacant, and whether it would be filled or not would depend upon Illinois. But from the point of view of the Governor and the man who had been excluded, Illinois was still nominally fully represented but actually deprived of the rights of full representation.

Frank L. Smith cut the Gordian knot by resigning, and therefore creating a vacancy. In doing this he declared that by the "action of a majority of the Senate the people of Illinois had taken from them a right they reserved to themselves when the State became a member of the Union;" but that he would refer the issue back to the voters of Illinois. So he created a vacancy by resigning. Now he has been appointed to fill the vacancy until it can be filled by election, and he will be a candidate for renomination and re-election.

Mr. Smith, therefore, has a possibility ahead of him of two more exclusions.

New Sieves for Immigrants

SENATOR WATSON, of Indiana, has sponsored a new plan for the admission into the United States of prospective Americans. His Immigration Quota Bill has the approval of Secretary Davis, of the Department of Labor. It is likely to be the subject of much Congressional debate.

By an extension for one year of the Immigration Law of 1924, the number of immigrants to be admitted from any country is regulated in proportion to the number of residents of that nationality in the United States shown in the Census of 1890. It has been provided to substitute for this basis a calculation of the national origins of all residents of the United States shown in the last Census. The objection to the 1890 Census basis has been that it favors artificially some countries not represented in later immigration; the objection to the national origins basis has been that its scientific basis is, to say the least, doubtful, and that it would cut down the quotas of some countries favored by the present plan and greatly enlarge others—notably Great Britain's.

Senator Watson's proposal is to combine both principles and to assign to each country a quota on one or the other basis, according to which would give the larger total. The net increase in permitted immigration over the aggregate for 1927 would be about 40,000.

Unemployment

THE automobile manufacturers are talking of new production records during 1928. Business in general seems placidly certain that the public ability to buy will remain unchanged. In the face of all this, it is startling to realize that unemployment is increasing in many of the States, and that the slump has been under way for some time. In New York the employment curve is farther down than it has been since 1921, according to the New York State Industrial Commission, and Governor Smith has ordered a survey of the situation.

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Economic changes rarely occur swiftly, and this has been true of the growth in the number of men and women out of work. Last July the United States Labor Bureau investigated about 10,000 manufacturing plants with almost 3,000,000 workers, and found employment at a lower ebb than since 1924. Additional employees were laid off during the fall months. The statistics of the New York Industrial Commission are equally discouraging. Last month 215 men registered at State employment agencies for each 100 available jobs. In November there were 154.6 candidates per 100 jobs, and in December 174.6. In December of 1926 the figure was 133.7, a comparatively low unemployment ratio. The increase has been steady since that time.

The Federal Government is planning to study, with the assistance of State labor departments, means of relief. Meanwhile it is difficult to analyze the causes with any degree of accuracy. Production in certain industries has definitely dropped. One theory offered is that industry, through economies of operation, has been able to increase production while employing fewer men. The railroads, it is pointed out, moved 8,000,000 more cars of freight during 1926 than in 1920, and did so with 250,000 fewer workers on their pay-rolls.

Shaw, Tolstoy, and God

CORRESPONDENCE between George Bernard Shaw and Count Tolstoy in 1910 has recently been published in the New York "World:"

Shaw to Tolstoy: "To me God does not yet exist, but there is a creative force constantly struggling to evolve an executive organ of godlike knowledge and power—that is, to achieve omnipotence and omniscience—and every man and woman born is a fresh attempt to achieve this object. . . . To my mind, unless we conceive of God as engaged in a continual struggle to surpass himself, as striving at every birth to make a better man than before, we are conceiving nothing better than an omnipotent snob. Also we are compelled by the theory of God's already achieved perfection to make him a devil as well as a god because of the existence of evil. . . .

"But if you believe as I do, . . . that a group of bacilli was an early attempt to create a higher being than anything achieved before that time, and that the only way to remedy the mistake was to create a still higher being, part of whose work must be destruction of that bacillus, the existence of evil ceases to present any problem and we come to understand that we are here to help God to do his work, to remedy his old error, to strive toward Godhead ourselves. . . .

"You said that my manner in that book ["Man and Superman"] was not serious enough, that I made people

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE SCUDDER

Who is conducting an inquiry into the sewer scandal in the Borough of Queens, New York City

laugh in my most earnest moments. But why should I not? Why should humor and laughter be excommunicated? Suppose the world were only one of God's jokes. Would you work any the less to make it a good joke instead of a bad one?"

Tolstoy to Shaw: "I also cannot agree with what you call your theology. You enter into controversy with that in which no thinking person of our time believes or can believe, with a God creator, and yet you seem yourself to recognize a God who has got definite aims, comprehensible to you.

"Concerning what you say about God and about evil, I will repeat the words I said . . . about your 'Man and Superman,' that is, that the problem about God and evil is too important to be spoken in jest, and therefore I will tell you frankly that I received a very painful impression from the concluding words of your letter: 'Suppose the world were only one of God's jokes. Would you work any the less to make it a good joke instead of a bad one?' "

Maturity on the Campus

UPPER-CLASS men in the College of Arts and Pure Science at New York University are henceforth to be exempt from attendance rules when they have shown a measure of scholarly ability. An announcement last week by Dean Bouton discloses that students with an average of 80 per cent (not an impossibly high standard) will be permitted to go and come as they please.

The ruling is in harmony with developments in many of the country's institutions of higher learning. During the past few years similar experiments have been made at Smith College, Cornell University, and elsewhere. Those really willing to work are given an opportunity to do so. They are permitted to specialize in subjects which appeal to them. Their talents govern their progress.

It is unlikely that anything closely approaching the Oxford system, where study is purely optional, will be adopted in American colleges. At least, however, men and women with mature minds are to be recognized.

New Football Rules

THIS year the members of the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee held their annual meeting surrounded by secrecy and in the suburban peace of New Jersey instead of a New York hotel, where they might be harassed by reporters. There was no announcement made by the Committee until twenty-four hours after the meeting. It was explained that these measures were taken in order to prevent misinterpretation of the changes made. A further possible reason lies in the fact that the Committee went back, almost completely, to the rules of 1926.

The lateral pass is no longer declared unrecoverable by the defensive side. It is a free ball, but cannot be advanced beyond point of recovery; the kicking side may now fall on a fumbled punt, though here, too, the restriction has been placed preventing any advance. The goal-post rule remains unchanged, alone as survivor of those radical changes of the season of 1927.

Perhaps more important than these decisions has been the ending of the play called the screen pass. This pass, invented by Bob Folwell, whose recent death removed a famous coach from the game, sent the attacking line through standing up and making passive interfer-

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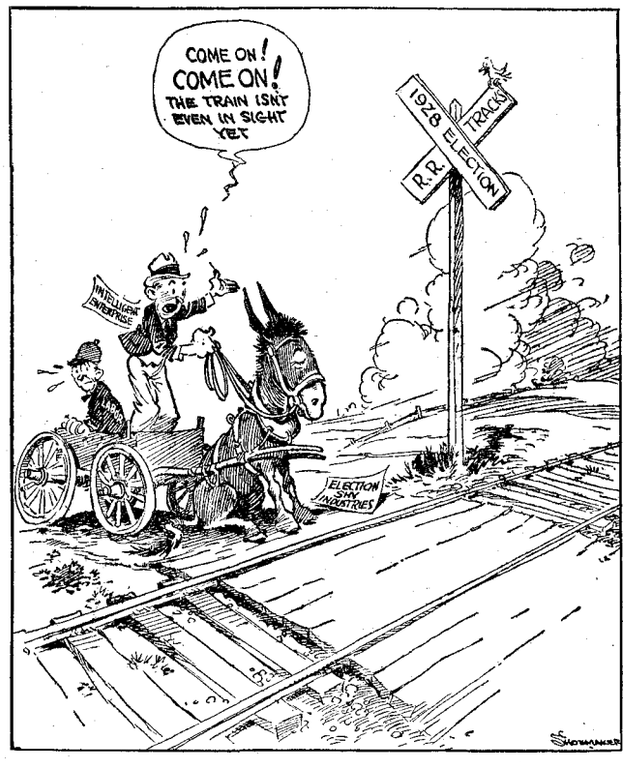
Cartoons of the Week

Cargill in the Fall River Globe

Not if papa can help it

From Jacob Dress, Fall River, Mass.

Shoemaker in the Chicago News



The overcautious mule

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

Knott for the Dallas News

They don't seem to agree on anything

Reid in the New York Wall Street Journal

Dangerous playthings

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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ence. In other words, they hindered the defense as much as possible within the letter of the law and screened the movements of their own passing players.

The new rule drastically forbids this, saying that "if the side in possession of the ball makes a forward pass no player on that side who has crossed the line of scrimmage shall in any manner interfere with an opponent until the ball has been touched, except in actual attempt to catch the ball himself."

Bruce Caldwell, Yale's famous player, has thought of an interesting angle on this change. If a running play is called and the back with the ball, as has often happened in the past, finds himself cornered, he cannot make a legal pass in an attempt to pull something out of the fire. His team, following the general plan of a running play, will have been working in clearing out the secondary defense of the defending side, thus violating the rule clearly if a pass is then attempted.

An Eastern "Big Ten"?

FOOTBALL people have gone in heavily for the secret meeting. At about the same time that the rules officials were meeting, twelve of the colleges of the East were in secret session, banding themselves together as the Eastern Association for the Selection of Football Officials.

John D., Jr., Speaks His Mind

COLONEL R. W. STEWART, President of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, showed such reluctance to testify in regard to his relations with the Teapot Dome affair that he was cited in contempt of the Senate. Thereafter he took a business trip to Havana, which he stated, in effect, would be terminated at his own good pleasure. Senator Walsh got in touch with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mr. Rockefeller promptly made clear his own position. Mr. Rockefeller, representing a large interest in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, advised Mr. Stewart to return to New York, regardless of his plans. Colonel Stewart returned to New York; Mr. Rockefeller wired Senator Walsh as follows:

> I have seen Colonel Stewart and have told him in person what I have said to him in my letter of January 24, of which you have a copy; namely, that, in my judgment, the public interest demands that the fullest possible light be thrown upon the matter now under investigation by the Senate committee.
>
> I also told him that I greatly regretted that he had not answered the questions put to him. . . . I stand ready, as heretofore, to render any service in my power to help the committee in its efforts to expose wrongdoing. . . . I have wired the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate that I would accept his night letter as service of the subpœna the Senate committee has issued, and appear before the committee on Saturday morning at ten o'clock as directed.

An invitation would have been equally effective.

Mr. Rockefeller's reply is in the spirit of modern business.

The Dauphin in the News

"HAVE we a Bourbon among us?" became a familiar jest in America about the middle of the last century. Originally it was the title of a perfectly serious magazine article by one Hanson, who also wrote a book, "The Lost Prince." The hero was Eleazar Williams, an American missionary to the Indians. He had the Bourbon features and claimed to be that pitiful son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, the mystery of whose fate has furnished plot stuff for dozens of romances.

Williams was only one of about forty people who have claimed either to be Louis XVII or a descendant. Of all these Karl Wilhelm Naundorff had the best case—so at least says the Encyclopædia Britannica. He brought suit in 1835 against the heirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême, grand-aunt of the Dauphin, for restitution of the Dauphin's private property. On his tombstone at Delft is inscribed "Louis XVII, roi de France et de Navarre."

Now cable despatches to the New York "Times" from Paris state that Naundorff's grandson, a blind man of sixty, who styles himself Prince Louis, declares that he has documents which prove beyond question that Naundorff was the missing Dauphin, and says that the conditions of the Great War allowed him to find heretofore unavailable documents in royal archives.

So the poor little Dauphin is in the news again. But his "descendant" in laying claim to the ownership of the Château de Chambord appears to seek, not the Château (which he does not want) nor a throne (which he certainly couldn't have), but recognition of his claims of descent.

Assuming that this and the other claims are honest delusion, one asks, Why do such traditions recur and persist? In this case the answer is that there is much that is obscure, contradictory, and inexplicable about the history of this Dauphin. Officially it was stated that he died in the Temple on June 8, 1795. But the two doctors merely certified the death of a child about ten years old "which the commissioners told us was the late Louis Capet's son." That the Simons, man and wife, treated him cruelly, that Revolutionary commissioners forced him to sign infamous charges against his own mother, that Barras visited him six months after he was taken from the Simons and found him still suffering severe neglect, is known.

Did he escape? Was another child substituted for him? The romancers have played all kinds of variations on these fascinating themes. Even the staid Britannica says: "Neither his death in the Temple nor his escape therefrom has been definitely established, *though a very strong presumption is established in favor of the latter*" (the italics are ours).

It doesn't matter much now to France or to the world whether Naundorff's claim is proved or not; but the attempt will move republicans and royalists alike to sympathy for an ill-treated child.

Good-Will Fliers from France

A CORDIAL reception from the American press, people, and President has been accorded to the French aviators Dieudonné Costes and Joseph Lebrix. Their arrival at Washington on February 8 was the climax of a series of flights that covered 25,000 miles. It was made without sensational incident, and for that reason was another proof that safe and sane aviation is quite compatible with large and notable accomplishment.

Their plane, by its name, the Nungesser-Coli, recalls a great tragedy, and now stands for a fine and fearless voyage. This plane has flown some 62,000 miles in all, while the Spirit of St. Louis has the smaller but still remarkable total of about 40,000 miles.

These Frenchmen flew from Paris to Senegal, crossed the South Atlantic from Africa to Brazil, landed in every one of the Central and South American countries, traversed a general route reversed from that of Lindbergh, whom they met on their journey, flew thence through Mexico to New Orleans, and made a non-stop flight from Montgomery, Alabama, to Washington in about eight hours. They plan a tour from New York to San Francisco.

No mean air voyage this, and one that thoroughly deserves the recognition it is receiving. It makes for friendliness between France and America. Costes and Lebrix have attended strictly to business

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Wide World

BRINGING FRANCE'S GOOD WILL TO WASHINGTON

The photograph shows the French fliers, Joseph Lebrix and Dieudonné Costes, on their arrival in Washington. Ambassador Claudel stands between them

and have left the press notices to take care of themselves. Now their deeds are known unto all men and greatly are they honored.

"Style of Life"

DR. ALFRED ADLER, Viennese psychologist and creator of the phrase "inferiority complex," has arrived in this country with a new expression for a not precisely new idea. The expression is "style of life," and this he interprets as signifying not alone the things we do, but the things we are likely to do and the manner in which we are likely to do them. The idea is that the child is father of the man. More precisely, Dr. Adler believes that our "style of life" is fixed at the age of four or five, sometimes earlier, and that defects which appear in the mature individual have merely lain dormant since childhood or were regarded at that time as minor blemishes. Dr. Adler's remedy is that study of the physical and mental make-up of children be obligatory in their schools. Dr. Adler also has a word to say about capital punishment. He is opposed to it. "Don't punish the fact, judge the personality," he advises.

German Chemists Move on Apace

BERGIUS is a name which that mythical figure the "average man" will do well to fix in mind. It is the name of the German who, after years of patient and costly chemical research financed by the German Government, has found a practical way to liquefy coal. The liquefaction of coal, concerning which newspaper readers have seen such frequent and often cryptic mention during the past year or so, is a process of adding hydrogen to it to convert it into liquid motor fuels comparable to gasoline; and the significance of this achievement is that when the world's supposedly short supply of petroleum has been joy-ridden up we shall be able to turn to liquid fuel derived from soft coal, of which mineral commodity there is said to be a full four thousand years' supply.

Coal is a solid and motor fuel is a liquid, yet this does not worry the modern chemist, who finds that all coal asks in order to become a liquid is a second helping of hydrogen, on which it was or is somewhat stinted. The Bergius process, of which the American rights were recently acquired by the far-seeing Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, was more fully described in The Outlook some months ago. More recent news from Germany states that a large-scale experimental plant is now being built at a cost of millions of dollars; also that it has proved possible to extract 700 pounds of crude oil from every 1,000 pounds of coal; and that the necessary hydrogen is available as a product of an existing nitrogen (fertilizer) industry.

What may result from the persistent juggling of atoms in the German chemical laboratories—which research, by the way, cost 28,000,000 marks in fifteen years—no one in his right senses will attempt now to predict. Yet it is safe to say that it will at least be an industry of the first magnitude.

A Minister Hopes Governor Smith Has a Stomachache

A BAPTIST minister in Brooklyn is reported to have said in a sermon: "Mayor Walker, according to his own statement, is only as good as he has to be. He didn't stop drinking because he wanted to, or because he was a loyal, law-abiding citizen, but because his drinking gave him a stomachache and a headache. If it is true that Governor Smith has not stopped drinking, I hope that he gets a stomachache too. If we have other city and Government officials drinking, then a few less cases of Scotch and a few more cases of stomach trouble would be a good thing for New York."

In Defense of Smith College

STIRRED by newspaper reports concerning the disappearance of a member of the freshman class, Frances St. John Smith, alumnæ of Smith College have written letters inquiring about conditions in their Alma Mater. In response to these inquiries the Smith College Alumnæ Association has issued an open letter. It denies that there has been a reign of terror on the campus, that twenty-six other girls have disappeared as reported, and that there has been any panic or any incidents in which the girls have been molested. It strongly defends the action of the authorities of the College in what they have done to discover the young woman who disappeared. In the course of this letter it is said:

"All the machinery of the College and the police was put into action, and in

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Underwood & Underwood

A photograph of the Czarina of Russia and her daughters, taken about a year before their assassination. Anastasia is standing, on the extreme right

co-operation with detective and police agencies throughout the country every clue has been painstakingly investigated. At the request of the College a member of the alumnæ office spent every day and all day with Mr. and Mrs. Smith while they were in Northampton. No satisfactory clue has as yet developed and the case remains absolutely baffling.

"We all know, if we will look back to our undergraduate days, that students live in such close neighborliness that a friendly check on one another's whereabouts is natural, and also that their goings and comings are regulated as carefully as is reasonable in any normal adult community.

"As a matter of fact, those who live in the midst of the College now tell us that there is a much wiser and closer supervision of absences from campus and from town than there was 'in our day.'"

In connection with the criticism of the College for being dilatory in making Miss Smith's absence publicly known it is declared that, contrary to a report (which incidentally, we may say, was printed in The Outlook as elsewhere in the press), "it seems fairly certain from a variety of evidence that Frances was in her room on Friday night, January 13," and that "her disappearance was officially reported Saturday afternoon." If these are the facts, it is not so surprising that the outside world did not first hear of the matter until Monday morning, January 16. This should be said in fairness to the authorities of the College. The letter says that Miss Smith's parents "have no criticism" of the College's regulations and "are grateful for the sympathy and help which the College has given them in the emergency and greatly regret all the publicity to which it has been subjected."

Another Harding Appointee Passes

THE long fight for liberty of Colonel Thomas W. Miller, Alien Property Custodian in the Harding Administration, has apparently been terminated by the Court of Appeals.

It was charged that Colonel Miller paid to a representative of a foreign concern nearly six and a half million dollars for the assets of the American Metal Company, which were seized during the War. This representative, Richard Merton, a German, it was charged, paid back nearly half a million dollars, to be divided among Colonel Miller and several other Republican leaders. The jury that heard the charge decided that Colonel Miller was guilty. It disagreed as to the guilt of Harry M. Daugherty, Harding's Attorney-General, who was tried at the same time. The Court of Appeals has now confirmed this conviction. The sentence imposed on Miller is eighteen months at Atlanta and a fine of $5,000.

So passes into obscurity another appointee of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Princess or Peasant?

THE presence in this country of a woman twenty-six years old who is believed by many people to be the youngest daughter of the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia has aroused interest in one of the most baffling mysteries of human identity. It is comparable in one way to the still-discussed mystery about the fate of the "lost Dauphin," Marie Antoinette's persecuted son; in another way to the fierce dispute about the identity of the spurious Tichborne claimant.

The strongest evidence that Anastasia Tchaikovsky, as she is provisionally called, is actually the Grand Duchess Anastasia is that of Dr. G. E. Botkin, who accompanies her on her American visit. He is the son of Dr. Eugene Botkin, the physician of the Czar, who was slaughtered with the Imperial family at Ekaterinburg. As a boy of eight he played with Anastasia when she was seven. Dr. Botkin is positive in his identification. "Could you be mistaken," he said to a reporter, "about somebody you played with as a child?" Others sustain his belief, and the former Princess Xenia of Russia (now Mrs. W. B. Leeds), who is (or was) a third cousin to Princess Anastasia, sustains her cause. On the other hand, with one exception, the Grand Duke Andrew, the members of the Imperial family refuse to recognize her and declare that her story is incredible. Among them is the Grand Duchess Olga, sister to the Czar, who saw her and talked with her several times.

That story is certainly an extraordinary romance. It is so tragic and thrilling that we reproduce it as told in an article in the New York "Herald Tribune:"

> She was in the cellar when her family was killed by Red soldiers. She was shot, arose screaming, and was beaten down savagely with rifle butts. A bayonet pierced her arm, she became unconscious. The squad assigned to kill the Czar's family believed her dead with the rest, and laid her with their bodies in a copse of woods near by to await burning.
>
> A young Red soldier, Tchaikovsky, recognized she was still alive and secretly took her to his cabin. He bundled her, his mother, and sister into a peasant cart and drove away on a three months' trek. Her wounds were laved with brook waters, and

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when fever rose in the evening she was packed in snow beside the road. She recovered, was married to the man and had a child, a son now said to be in a sanitarium. She supported herself, husband, and baby by pawning one by one the jewels she had sewn in her clothing before going to the death cellar. Her husband died. She reached Berlin a wasted, torn, almost mad creature. There was a lapse of sanity, when she attempted suicide and passed some time in an asylum. She recovered, and startled the world with her story.

The intricacies of Imperialistic intrigue for the purely nominal right to ascend or be near the throne of Russia at some future time are such that any claimant without the most tangible evidence would have a hard time in securing recognition.

Prisons for Sale

By the long way round of an editorial in the St. Paul "Pioneer Press and Despatch" word reaches us that in Great Britain there are twenty prisons on sale. Of seven of these the report is specific:

"Stornoway prison, in the Hebrides, was sold complete for $25. The Newcastle-on-Tyne prison brought $135,000; the Carlisle prison, $80,000; the Downpatrick jail, Ulster, $100. Brecon prison, in Wales, got a bid of $4,000, but was not sold. The old Devizes prison, historic in the annals of crime, went at public auction."

With these go villas, presumably for the housing of wardens, and gallows.

Evidently the business of providing for criminals in Great Britain is in a state of depression and wardens are joining the army of the unemployed. If there is any corresponding depletion of the American prison population we have not heard of it. The prisons of New York State are overcrowded. What is the reason for the difference between America and Great Britain in this respect? Poverty sometimes is regarded as an important cause of crime; but there is no such problem of low wages and unemployment in this country as there is in Great Britain. Great Britain's population is racially and culturally homogeneous, and therefore contains fewer of those who regard the law as an alien thing than the heterogeneous population that America has. Perhaps America of today is too near the frontier stage to be as law-abiding as Old England. But in general the explanation is that which the "Pioneer Press and Despatch" gives—that, whereas in America the methods of dealing with crime are dilatory and uncertain, in England they are swift and sure.

Acme

PRINCESS OR PEASANT?

Mme. Anastasia Tchaikovsky, who claims to be the youngest daughter of Czar Nicholas II of Russia, disembarking from the Berengaria in New York City

Counting Shadows in Pittsburgh

Newspaper despatches have an irritating little way—from the point of view of the scientist who likes to see things scientific placed in a correct light—of omitting the very kernel from the scientific news. Recent papers told of an apparatus for automatically counting the shadows of people as they passed a given point, but failed to tell about the intensely interesting little glass tube that really does the counting. Perhaps the public does not care. Perhaps it was believed that the public would not understand. Perhaps the reporter did not comprehend.

How could a shadow actuate a machine? How could a moving line of human beings be counted by machinery without some kind of a turnstile? There are a few rare elements which perform a peculiar caper when taken out of the dark. They give off electrons. Let the faintest ray of light fall upon a piece of the rare metal potassium, and electrons will begin to depart from its surface in swarms, like rats from a sinking ship. Electrons carry electric charges—electricity. When the shadow passes, the light constantly falling on the potassium is diminished; the current diminishes; sensitive relays operate; machinery is worked; the count is recorded.

But counting street-car passengers is the least dignified work the little photoelectric cell now performs. It automatically turns off lighthouses and street lamps with the arrival of daylight; it sorts the many shades of tobacco by the amount of light reflected to it by the tobacco leaves; it functions as the very heart and soul of the television apparatus; and in the photoelectric photometer it catches the light of other universes at the end of its million-year journey through space and tells the astronomer within a hair's-breadth of accuracy the relative light-intensity of the stars. This is the mysterious "invention" that counts shadows in Pittsburgh.

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Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

PEACE between Great Britain and the United States is undoubtedly the conscious intention of the Governments in London and Washington. And both the jingoes and alarmists who declare that the American Navy building program is designed directly in competition with Great Britain are beating the wrong drum and could exchange it usefully for a tambourine.

King George opened the new session of Parliament with a speech in the House of Lords—dictated, of course, by the Cabinet—saying that his Government was considering carefully and sympathetically the draft of a new treaty of arbitration submitted by the United States. The proposed agreement is said to parallel the one just signed with France, and so to mark an advance over the Root Treaty, which it is designed to replace, in extending the scope of arbitration. Further, the King declared that Great Britain would discuss the treaty in common with her Dominions. That is a strong factor in its favor, for there is no doubt that the British desire to settle any difficulties with America amicably is reinforced by a strong sentiment in other parts of the Empire.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, followed with a speech in the House of Commons in which he asserted—amid cheers—that war between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable, and that the policy of the British Cabinet is based on that principle. It may not be absolutely unthinkable, but it would be unquestionably unjustifiable on any rational basis. And that is the view for statesmen and legislators on both sides of the Atlantic to hold.

In Washington, C. D. Burney, a member of the House of Commons Committee on Naval Affairs and a former commander in the British navy, told the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives that the American naval building program had caused no alarm among public men in England, and that responsible persons in the British Parliament conceded to the United States a right to a navy equal to Great Britain's.

None of these developments looks like fatal naval rivalry. The problem is much more one of dealing with causes of irritation and conflicts of interest, and that the arbitration treaty can accomplish.

Rights of neutral shipping on the high seas in time of war is one of the questions most capable of making trouble between the two Governments—as the World War showed before the United States entered it and while the British navy was still operating against blockade-runners from the United States. This is an issue on which it is to be hoped an understanding can be reached.

It is over a century since Great Britain and the United States came to blows; and the frontier between Canada and the United States, needing no fortifications, is our mutual pride. It is vital, both for the welfare of the British Commonwealth and the United States and for the rest of the world, that this record remain undisturbed.

FASCISM has established itself definitely as an international movement. Mussolini, its dictator in Italy, has issued a Constitution to govern the conduct of Fascisti living abroad. The document, which he penned himself, is in sharp contrast to both Bolshevism and Socialism, the world's other Internationals. Yet, along different lines, it might easily bring its adherents into conflict with the governments of other lands.

No assault on the institutions of another nation is taught in the Fascist code. Branches of the Fascist order abroad are described as "organizations of Italians who have chosen to pattern their private and civil lives in obedience to Il Duce and the laws of Fascism and who intend to gather colonies of Italians living abroad around the emblems of Fascism."

Fascists are exhorted to respect the laws of countries where they reside, not to participate in internal politics, to obey Italian representatives, and to defend Italianism.

It is not difficult to see in these rules —scrupulously as they avoid any suggestion of lawlessness—the seeds of that doctrine of divided loyalty which has made difficulties in the past for Italians in the United States and in other lands. Solid alien blocks swearing allegiance to a foreign Power cannot long make welcome neighbors anywhere, for every nation seeks unity among its people as the guaranty of its security. Mussolini himself would be the last to welcome the intrusion of such a nationalist movement on any large scale into Italy.

TURKISH ought to be the language of Turkey—so the students of the University of Stamboul urged lately in a mass-meeting in Constantinople. They want the authorities to enforce the use of Turkish alone in commercial and public life—after centuries in which French and Greek and several of the other tongues of Europe have been used. The demand seems sensible, and it shows how the emotion of nationalism in Turkey is spreading. But if the Turkish students think Constantinople is polyglot, they should spend a day in New York on the lower East Side.

FOR the first time Japan is to see a general test of general manhood suffrage. Premier Baron Tanaka recently dissolved the Diet, when the parliamentary Opposition made a motion of no confidence in the Cabinet, and elections have been set for February 20. The parties, old and new, are preparing feverishly for the biggest political battle in Japanese experience.

Heretofore the ballot has been limited to certain classes of the population, but this time—due to recent reforms—voting will be open to all men of legal age. Even members of the outcast Eta class will have access to the polls.

Eight organizations—four of them Labor parties—have officially entered the campaign and have published platforms.

Political practice in Japan is being Westernized with a vengeance, and from now on the leaders may be expected to deal with actualities that represent the life of the whole nation instead of the interests of specially privileged groups.

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The Campaign for Hoover Gets Under Way

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

BY playing the game of politics very poorly at his first move Herbert Hoover probably has bettered his chances of becoming President.

His boom is almost completely deflated, which is to the bad. But he and his admirers know now that he is not the chosen of the gods, that the Presidency is not going to climb into his pocket, that if he is to have it he must fight for it, as all men have had to do who have been President. And that is to the good.

The worst word that has been said of Hoover—and the best—is that he is not a politician. He completely proved the charge by the first act of his campaign. Perhaps he had personally little to do with it, but he stands responsible for the acts of those who act for him.

Somebody on his behalf tried to bluff Senator Willis, of Ohio, by demanding a delegation which would be for Hoover after the elimination of Willis. Such an arrangement would have been confession that the Willis candidacy was inconsequential. Willis had the self-respect to refuse making such an admission. The proffered arrangement was declined; the bluff was called.

The Hoover forces had either to retreat or fight. They chose to fight—the first indication of a determination to do anything except to wait for the people to acclaim Hoover their President. Hoover will get some of the Ohio delegates—nearly half, the most sanguine say.

But the Willis strength, whatever it is, has been permanently alienated from Hoover. A family fight has been started in Ohio which, the State Chairman has warned, will probably turn its twenty-four electoral votes into the Democratic column in November.

Another thing has resulted which, if not quite so bad from the party standpoint, is worse from the personal one—a coalition against Hoover. What had previously been a fairly friendly contest is now a battle of the wolf pack against the one that assumed the leadership. If he is down, he is dead. Every other candidate is doing his best to see to that—that first, and his own battle for the leadership later.

When the Hoover forces came to the realization that they had to fight, they did not find themselves in a favorable position.

Four Southern States—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, all of them almost hopelessly Democratic—had declared for Hoover through the mouths of their Republican National Committeemen. In such States one man speaks for the Republican Party. C. Bascom Slemp had been down there. He did not announce the purpose of his going, but Senator George H. Moses is quoted as saying that it was "a little venture in delegate jobbing."

There were then forty-six delegates pledged to Hoover, with the probability that the twenty from Texas would join them.

There were some straws in the wind indicating that such portion of the Administration strength as is quite individually the President's is at least not to be exerted against Hoover. Those straws were Secretary of Interior Work, Commissioner Blair, and some others.

But there was the disquieting suspicion that the President does not choose to run merely in 1928; and that, being cannily the politician, he does not choose to be influential in naming a candidate in 1928 who might be in his way in 1932.

There was also the more disquieting more than suspicion that the Administration strength has begun to disintegrate, that even if the President wished to keep it solid for any candidate other than himself he could not do so.

Secretary Mellon, commonly counted the larger part of the Administration politically, is not in the Hoover camp. He is said to be in the Dawes camp, but that is less certain. Those who argue from plausibilities are sure of it, but those who have experienced the inconsistencies of politics are not.

It is rumor fairly well authenticated that Secretary Mellon and Secretary Hoover disagreed, somewhat more than mildly, over the French debt settlement and over European loans. Back of that there was a political unfriendliness for which not Herbert Hoover so much as William Butler was responsible.

It is said that in the 1924 Convention Chairman Butler sent word to the Pennsylvania delegation to fall in line for Hoover for Vice-President. The Pennsylvania delegation, never accustomed to taking orders and long accustomed to giving them, is said to have replied by "putting Dawes over" before Chairman Butler could get his breath.

All of those things possibly may be made of moonshine and spider-webs, but there are others which are not. Mellon, the actual head of Pennsylvania Republicanism since the passing of Penrose, likes organization men—one of which Secretary Hoover is not whom, to use the language of an erstwhile politician of another State. The Mellon formula includes conservatism, and Hoover is suspected of a liberal taint. It includes proved Republicanism, and Hoover's Republicanism has been very much doubted and even his tariff views are not very certainly known.

What Hoover lacks in all of these particulars Dawes possesses. And, in addition, Dawes is affiliated, as is Mr. Mellon, with the banking interests. Logic is on the side of Mellon-for-Dawes.

The Pennsylvania delegation will go to the Convention uninstructed. It may or may not be significant in that connection that Dawes is not to be a candidate until Lowden ceases to be one. The Pennsylvanians can, however, climb on the Hoover band-wagon if there should be such a thing. But the Hoover campaign opens with an important section of the Administration not a part of it.

Out in the States other than Ohio there have been untoward incidents. In New York. In Massachusetts. And so the campaign is under way, no longer to confirm a popular choice, but to fight to a nomination against as stubborn obstacles as any candidate has ever faced. Which is good for a candidate's soul—and better for his prospects than a soft self-delusion of a popular demand.

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A Duty in Nicaragua

SINCE the United States sent the marines into Nicaragua there have been criticisms from all sides.

From some other Latin-American countries—though not by any means from all—have come protests against intervention in the internal affairs of another nation. This very issue is being debated at the Pan-American Conference in Havana, under the heading of the rights and duties of nations. From anti-Administration quarters in the United States have come arguments against getting involved in Central American squabbles and endangering our relations with South America, while from radicals have come charges that the whole policy is dominated and dictated by mercenary interests seeking financial plunder in the form of loans and concessions.

This is no time to discuss the wisdom or expediency of our recognition of the Diaz régime in Nicaragua or of the various steps that led up to our action in stopping the civil war between the Conservative forces of the Administration and the Liberal forces of the rebellion. The simple fact is that we have done these things, and have to act in the situation which exists now. And two things are clear.

The first is that there are no loans or investments in Nicaragua of an importance sufficient to determine a policy of intervention—even if the State Department sponsored that principle for the protection of capital risked abroad. Nicaragua paid off the former bank and railway loans, and present loans are not on a scale of great significance.

The second is that the United States has an obligation to discharge—the obligation to see through fair and free elections this fall. We promised this to the Liberals as an inducement to them to lay down their arms. We now have to carry out that promise. Some of the Conservatives, headed by the former dictator Chamorro, are making trouble in the Nicaraguan Congress for the passage of the measure establishing supervision of the elections by the United States marine forces. The outcome of the political struggle is uncertain. But the United States has given its word, and must make it good before Nicaragua, before South America, before the world.

Relatives Take Notice

"*IF any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.*"

Doubtless every reader of The Outlook has heard these words from the Episcopal marriage service many times over. Sometimes they are slurred as though the officiating clergyman were anxious to gallop ahead to the "dreadful Day of Judgment" and the "wilt thou" paragraphs. Sometimes the clergyman pauses impressively, as though he half dared any one to object. But not once in a blue moon does any one rise in protest, and not once in a blue moon speckled with pink polka-dots does any one pay much attention to the second and most important part of this forbidding clause.

Let Modernists say what they will. Many of the old theologians who wrote the prayer-books and organized the churches knew more about human nature than a car-load of psychologists. When they wrote the passage we have quoted, they were not just being disagreeably legalistic. They were writing a prescription for happy marriages. It would take more than a statistician to discover how many marriages have gone on the rocks because friends and relatives did not "for ever hold their peace." How many marriages have been hampered, if not wrecked, by the failure to obey this injunction might be approximated by totaling up the number of marriages which have occurred since the words were first written and subtracting—let us say, three.

We can all manage some one else's marriage so much better than our own. We all know exactly how other married people should act. We all know what they ought to want from marriage, even if they happen to want something quite different. When we catch up with the words of the Church in its advice to objectors, the millennium will be close at hand. But don't look for the signs of it in tomorrow's sunrise.

Eden Passes

THE Garden of Eden, we had always supposed, was bounded on the north and west by purveyors of vegetable seeds and on the south and east by sellers of bulbs and flowers. Certainly, to judge by old-style seed and flower catalogues any land supplied with these salesmen of gustatory and olfactory joys was predestined to become a veritable garden of Eden.

You remember the illustrations of roses that dwarfed cottages and of cabbages that grew a half-dozen to the acre? Our hats off to the gentlemen that printed them. They made winter gardening a National sport—a sweatless delight.

Sadly—or is it gladly?—we report that the old Eden is no longer what it used to be. A rose catalogue drifted in to us not long ago, and in it these statements were found:

BREEZE HILL

Amateurs of note have staked their reputation that this is the finest hardy climber in existence, but we are very little impressed by it.

COLONEL OSWALD FITZGERALD

Notable for liberal bloom and freedom from disease. The flower is very handsome, but it has little or no fragrance.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

A most perfect and glorious rose, but likely to ball and fade badly in hot weather.

JULIET

Seen at its best only in favorable weather and needs careful protection from black-spot.

SOLEIL D'OR

An intensely interesting rose because it was the ancestor of all modern yellow Hybrid Teas. Its foliage spots, its canes often die back, its flowers are crooked, but it is the most marvelously colored rose in all creation.

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The florists' Garden of Eden may have suffered irretrievable damage, but the campaign for truth in advertising has had an almighty boost. If any one knows of any medals for honest advertising looking for chests to pin themselves on, we will be glad to supply the name of the publisher of this rose catalogue.

Gone—The Limp-Back Bible Era

IN an issue of "Christian Citizenship," which is published for Young Men's Christian Association executives, an article on the "Use of the Bible" recalls the time when "the secretaries were all supposed to be so well versed in the Scriptures that this particular era has frequently been referred to as the 'limp-back Bible period.' "

"We used to think of Bible study," this article continues, "as something sacred, life-giving in itself. . . . The day has come when people do not ascribe to the Bible a magic which is over and above that power which inheres in its own statements of truth. . . . The belief that Bible knowledge could be stored up in the memory so that it could be called upon in any conduct emergency as a talisman or as a guide to what was right has been shown to be so full of error that what little truth resided in the belief became almost inoperative because of the load of error. . . . Youth tends to forget what it does not use, what it does not value, whatever is accompanied with annoyance. That great principle was neglected in the stored knowledge idea. . . . Youth remembers what it uses. . . . Youth uses the things which it values." Therefore this article concludes that the way to approach the study of the Bible is through the minds of those who are to study it. Find out the laws of the mind, discover its problems, begin with the experiences of youth, and then go to the Bible to find there what will fit with those experiences, answer those problems, and make its way into the mind that is developing according to its own laws. "This is directly opposite to the procedure of beginning with the Bible, trying to condition children through strong emotion to love it, and thrusting its precepts into their minds regardless of use or value. . . . Some teachings are capable of being understood only by matured experience or matured use. . . . Understanding of the finer meanings of the Bible is a matter of growth, gradual accumulation through appreciated experiences."

This statement may reassure some of those who have bewailed the modern youth's ignorance of the Bible. Ignorance is, of course, a cure for nothing; but it may be better than a wrong kind of knowledge; it may even make possible an approach to knowledge of the right kind. Undoubtedly there has been loss in the lack of familiarity with one of the great literatures of the world which has become a classic in the literature of the English language; but it may be that the loss is not chiefly to be measured in terms of religion.

Certainly the idea which once prevailed that learning words of Scripture meant of itself the acquirement of spiritual resources, that, in fact, it had almost the effect of a charm, is rapidly disappearing. Behind it was the fear of what might happen if the formula were neglected. And with the belief in the occult value of sacred words is disappearing also that groundless fear.

Does this mean that the Bible is doomed to lose its power over the minds of mankind? We do not believe so. It means rather that the real power of the Bible in forming character has been released for greater influence than ever.

The view of the study of the Bible which has been expressed by the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations is in accord not only with what we know of mental development, but also with what we have learned of the Bible itself as a product of growth. It is the history of the spiritual development of a race from childhood to maturity. It is a welcome sign for the future of religion that such an organization as the Young Men's Christian Association is adapting itself to the newer knowledge of the mind and of the Bible.

Propaganda and the Post Office

AN organization known as the All-America Anti-Imperialist League has issued some stamps, designed to be put on the outside of envelopes like the anti-tuberculosis stamps, protesting against "marine rule in Nicaragua." We have some of those stamps, and can see nothing in them that can be considered, in the terms of the United States Penal Code, as "of an indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, libelous, scurrilous, defamatory, or threatening character, or calculated . . . to reflect injuriously on the character or conduct of another." Postmaster-General New has indorsed the ruling of Solicitor Donnelly, of the Post Office Department, that the use of those stamps was not permissible in the United States mail, on the ground that, as Mr. New has said, "it is a manifest absurdity to permit political agitators and advocates of various governmental policies to utilize the United States mails to propagandize the public."

We have no sympathy with the propaganda of the All-America Anti-Imperialist League. We believe that the marines are in Nicaragua in pursuance of obligations which the United States has incurred toward the people of Nicaragua. We do not know anything about the organization of this so-called League except that it claims to have branches in Latin-American countries and that we hold a receipt from it signed by the name of Manuel Gomez. Even though this propaganda may be dangerous, we do not believe it is as dangerous as the power of an administrative officer to determine what propaganda shall pass through the mails. Bureaucracy and democracy do not mix, and the worst form of bureaucracy is that which undertakes to control ideas. Even when the life of this Nation was at stake in the Civil War the Government transmitted in the mails arguments against the preservation of the Union.

Would it not be well to have inscribed in the office of the Postmaster-General those famous words of Voltaire: "I wholly disapprove of what you say, and I will defend to the death your right to say it"?

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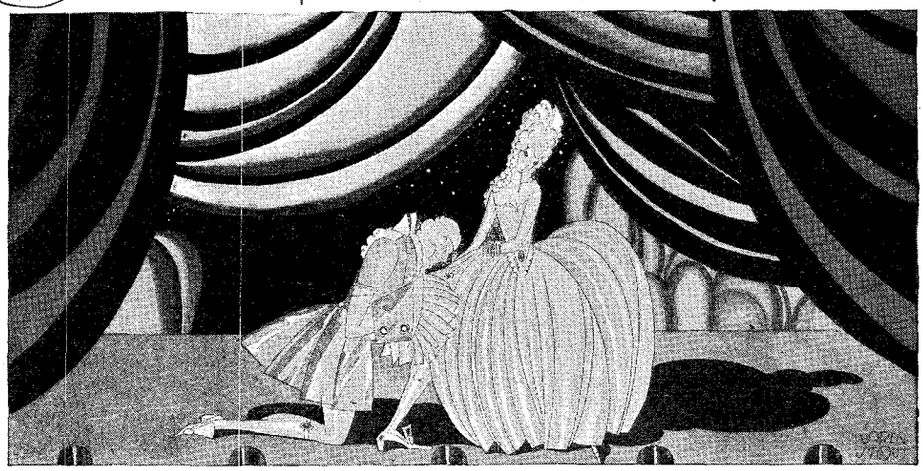
Lights Down



A Review of the Stage

WITH the Theatre Guild producing "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude" simultaneously, and each crowding its theatre, Eugene O'Neill seems this year to have added to his reputation the further distinction of being "news."

"Oh, yes, you will have trouble getting a seat to O'Neill. 'Strange Interlude,' you know, begins at five-thirty in the afternoon and lasts until eleven. 'Marco Millions' is a beautiful spectacle—China, India, Persia, Venice—though there is always an unmistakable irony running beneath the scenes. It's Marco Polo's adventures, of course. The immature West meeting the wisdom of the East. But 'Strange Interlude'? Well, it's very difficult to describe. I suppose it is genius. Personally, I thought at first it was a little crazy—one of the characters says, you know, that 'the present is only a strange interlude in which we call upon the past and future to bear witness that we are still living.' But I'm not sure whether it is great or just queer."

Some such paragraph occurs just now in the conversation of most New Yorkers. For the battle about "Strange Interlude" is already on.

Indeed, it doesn't take long for the ordinary spectator of this play to recognize that he is either slightly out of his wits or is viewing a unique drama. Before him, on the stage of the John Golden Theatre, is the library of a college professor in a small university town in New England. The professor has a daughter. Some time previously, the professor has prevented the marriage of this daughter to her lover, an aviator, who was later killed in the war. Deprived of her lover, and deprived now forever of his children, her emotions hopelessly fixed upon a man who is dead, despising herself because she never completed her love for him, this daughter can no longer stand existence in her father's house and is leaving to become a nurse—to give something of herself, somehow, to some one. On the stage are the professor and the family friend, Marsden, a novelist, and in a few moments Nina, the daughter.

To the spectators' surprise, the dialogue between these people rather abruptly stops being comprehensible—and seems to have run into something else. Apparently not content with simply talking to one another, the characters are also talking to themselves, or to you—and part of what they say is very clearly not heard by the others on the stage; because the dialogue now seems to have picked up again and is going on much as ordinary conversation does in life. It is noticeable, too, that what these people are saying now is not a truthful representation of what they were saying to themselves a moment ago about this very thing.

Oh, well (you conclude), O'Neill is using the old "aside" or "soliloquy." Isn't this going to be tiresome and stupid? Nine acts, too!

Yet it is rather amusing, and interesting, as well, to see what Marsden is thinking while he says such banal things to the others on the stage.

And that thing he said to himself just now is quite true. You have felt that way, and never said so. And how curiously complicated are our thoughts and motives and emotions. How alone we all are. Even hidden from ourselves. Most of us submerged with very little showing on top. How generally inexpressible most emotions are—

Well, O'Neill is trying to express that instant of Marsden's anguish, all right enough. Yet there are no words for such a piercing agony. No wonder O'Neill has forgotten the language that Marsden would use and has lapsed into almost pure poetry—giving Marsden the words of a poet, and not a novelist. Yet it is not O'Neill, after all, who seems to be speaking through Marsden. The novelist is still in character. Is it possible that O'Neill is trying to express for us what is almost inexpressible in words—our deepest emotions; what is called our anguish; thousands of years of humanity wringing its hands, beating its breasts, clenching its fists, unable to put into words other than, "I'm sorry," "I love you," "I am dying"—all the conflict of existence? This Marsden's emotions are tied to his mother; he will never be able to enjoy a complete love for this girl, never be able to express it—

IT was at this moment that we realized we were seeing a new kind of play—a play that adds to purely objective action and its resultant emotion the portrayal of psychology, motives, the inner depths, so that a rounded view of the characters is possible; not just what they say and do, but what they think, and what they feel, in words; feelings they never can put into words—unless Mr. O'Neill does it for them.

A psychological novel put upon the stage. A vision as close to the complete truth of life itself as any artist has ever drawn.

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Yes—you gather—we liked "Strange Interlude" after that first act.

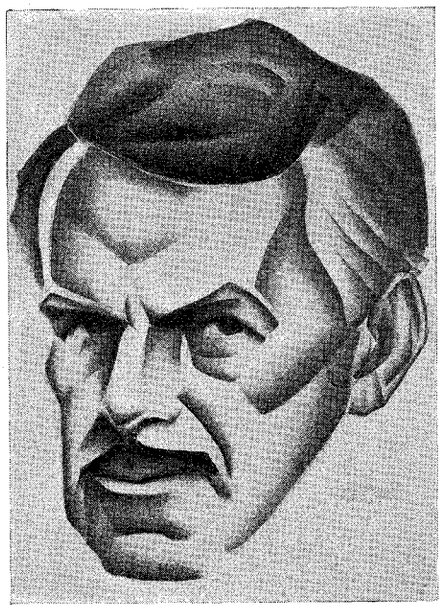
We did. And all the more because we had refused to hear anything about it in advance. We did not know the story, nor the technique, nor the hidden esoteric meaning, and weren't sure there was one.

And we came away more deeply stirred than we have ever been by any play. Stirred beyond the point of emotion, to the precise depths portrayed upon the stage. To us, "Strange Interlude" rises above the petty uniqueness of clever mediocrity or experiment and reaches the plane of comparative greatness. By which we mean, that the readers of the tabloids as well as the readers of The Outlook will be tremendously stirred by this highly intricate play. Despite its complicated interplay of character and motive, it is a story that is truthful in its writing, in its acting, and in its presentation. It is a story that stirs the deepest and most hidden pools of the human soul.

We won't tell you the whole story. It takes O'Neill nine acts to do that. But it is possible to say briefly that it is a tale of the emotional life of one frustrated woman and three men (plus one child) whom she attracts to her because of her peculiar psychological make-up—all of them bound together from youth to old age in an unbreakable web woven from the complex passionate threads of their several personalities. Their tangled relationships produce lies, deceit, anguish, abortion, pain, childbirth, heartbreak—and impart to the spectator an emotion of infinite pity. To view this strange tangle from beginning to end—and how long ago seems that first act, when the last one is done!—is to see humanity stripped of first its clothes, and then of its body, and at last, in a sense, of its intellect. There remains only a picture of the passionate floods and hidden currents that swirl beneath our lives.

"Strange Interlude" is a play of psychological motives. In particular, it is a play of woman—possessive woman; four-sided woman. In this case, a pitiful woman because, while outwardly she is a devil who ruins four males by tying them to her with the tentacles of her split emotions, inwardly she is an infinitely tragic human being struggling to attain some kind of emotional wholeness, some unification—a thing which is impossible to her, because her real lover is dead forever and only her ideal remains.

Judged upon the proper grounds, there are, of course, many flaws in the play. To us, husbands are not credible who remain in ignorance while their wives conceive and lose babies. Also because of physical and psychological facts, we do not believe that a wife who gives her husband another man's baby—a wife who doesn't love her husband, but who loves another man and who is his mistress—we are unable to believe that this wife can give sufficient impetus to a man's ego to turn him from a failure into a thundering success.



Eugene O'Neill

We don't mean by this that we question whether or not people do such things, nor whether or not they are "right." Such questions lie completely outside the legitimate criticism of "Strange Interlude." Mr. O'Neill frankly shows his characters rationalizing their desires. People can, and do, perform all the actions characters in "Strange Interlude" perform, whether or not we think they know what they are doing. We mean merely that psychologically speaking much of the earlier part of the play seemed untrue to us—contrived for the purpose of producing Mr. O'Neill's choice of situation.

Once these strictures are granted, however—and they are only on the earlier acts of "Strange Interlude"—it must be admitted that O'Neill gives you four acts of the most poignant, true, compelling drama we have ever witnessed. These people before you become real living human beings. You know them. In the ordinary sense, at the end of each act, the play could end. Yet life goes on, and these people you know must go on. And yes, here they are, in the next act—older, altered in appearance; but still held in the web, each one limited by his own inhibitions, each one inevitably becoming what he was destined to become in such a situation.

And with the progress of the drama, subtly, imperceptibly, there comes about a breaking down of the wall that at first separated words from thoughts, from feelings, from inexpressible emotions. Gradually all four merge. The play becomes a chariot of existence drawn by all four horses abreast. You are viewing the whole business. You do not care if this speech is meant to be heard or if it is only an aside. Act by act the thing fuses until at the end poor Darrell shouts at the sky, at the airplane, at his departing son who will never know he is leaving his father behind—and you do not know nor care nor speculate on whether he is shouting his emotion or his speech or his thoughts. You only know that here for him is the last tragedy of a lifetime; of a limited, poor, damned human being who made his mistakes, did his best, loved, struggled, tried to pull himself free from his own limitations, and now is shouting aloud the thing he has tried all his life to bring into the open.

You cannot escape the reality of these people. You may call Nina Leeds erotic, a pathological case, unfairly dealt with, or merely a composite picture of all women struggling to find and express her emotional necessities—needing father, lover, husband, son; being in turn daughter, prostitute, wife, mistress, mother. But the reality is soul-shaking; and the action compelling.

Much of the early confusion in the play comes of necessity, because actors and directors—as well as playwright—are dealing with a new medium and have not yet mastered it. To our mind, only one actor completely turned the trick; Tom Powers, as Marsden, the mother-complexed novelist. Larrimore almost did it; Anders nearly did it. Miss Fontanne we thought the poorest at times; and the best at others—uneven and fine. But what "Strange Interlude" needs is a director to carry O'Neill's idea one step further and present it effectively by new methods of acting and stage direction. Once this is done, O'Neill himself will improve on his own experiment, and we will have a new kind of psychological drama presented in a new manner.

"Strange Interlude" is not the last word. It is that most unusual of all things—the first.

Francis R. Bellamy.

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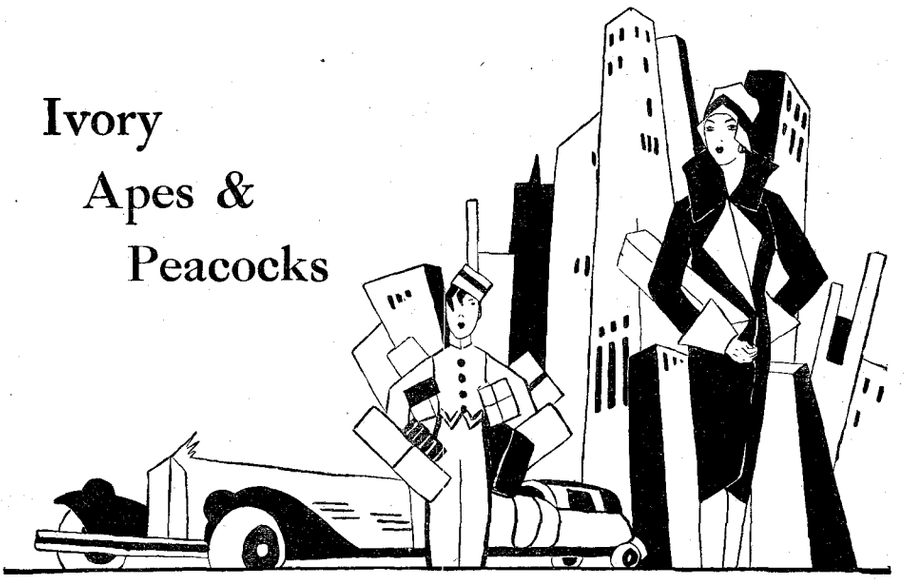
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



Principally Boxes, Beds, and Breakfast

A GREAT many brightly colored boxes in all shapes and sizes are being shown in the stores. Boxes for cigarettes and matches and playing cards and writing paper, covered with paper in designs ranging from the extremely conventional to the wildly bizarre. Boxes for bedrooms in sets which include hat, shoe, handkerchief, and vanity boxes, and so on, covered with paper of the same pattern. Boxes hollowed out of old French books with old tooled-leather bindings. Desk sets, consisting of hand blotter, ink-well, desk pad, pen tray, and stationery box, which you can have covered in any paper you select. And a line of very attractive boxes designed by Tony Sarg in the manner of the old European peasant art boxes, of which Mr. Sarg has a very interesting collection, and which have influenced the designs which he himself has used.

Some boxes that we liked were the English tuck boxes, for boys to keep their treasures in. They are big and roomy, have a lock and handles, and come in the natural wood, with metal corners. The lock was a particularly pleasing feature to us. One of our most prized possessions at the age of twelve or thereabouts was a small brass-bound box with a key. It was just about large enough to contain half a brick. But no one will ever know what a comfort to us it was to be able to feel that our marbles and tops and duplicate postage-stamps and other valuables were safely under lock and key.

Apropos of which, we have seen an unassuming little bedside table, in walnut or mahogany, which has a locked door. Behind the door is a second metal safe door with a three-number combination lock. In the safe are three little drawers, "large enough," said the man who showed it to us, "to contain a moderate quantity of jewels or papers." We don't know what a moderate amount is, since our own jewels could easily be contained in a pill-box. But there's certainly enough room for a couple of pearl necklaces and a lot of rings and a small sheaf of mortgages. If you go in for old masters and gold service plates and such things, you are probably immoderate, and will have to get a larger safe.

WE saw at the Metropolitan Museum last winter an exhibition of Swedish decorative arts which was very interesting. The silver and glass were particularly nice. And now we find that Wanamaker has duplicates of many of these coveted pieces at prices lower than we would have believed possible, considering the duty which they must have had to pay. There is silver, pewter, china, and glass. China dinner services in Sweden do not include coffee cups, but Wanamaker is having some made to complete the unusually attractive sets on display. One tea service we liked particularly is of creamy white with a clear electric-green decoration which would combine well with toast and marmalade. Almost all of this Swedish stuff is nice. It is simple, and it has a character all its own, which makes it rather difficult to describe. A Swedish piece owes very little as a rule to anything but the Scandinavian tradition. It isn't French, or Spanish, or German, or Russian. It is simply Swedish.

Among it we saw some very attractive flat table ware in a patented metal composition called Dirigold. It looks like rich coppery gold, and the pattern is simple and pleasing. It is inexpensive, wears well, and requires little polishing.

COLOR, which, as we called to your attention, put in an appearance some time ago in the kitchen, crept into the dining-room, thence into the bathroom, now appears to have crawled upstairs and into bed. With which elegant figure we attempt to call your attention to the colored bed linen now being shown. Silk sheets in color have sometimes been used, but we do not believe that hitherto cambric has been available in anything but white. Now you can get sheets and pillow-cases in green, blue, pink, orchid, or maize—both double and single bed sizes. Also white sheets with colored borders. Personally, we hope they'll get out some pepper-and-salt sheets soon, so we can smoke in bed without worrying about the ashes. And how about brown for those who like their coffee in bed of a morning?

SPEAKING of breakfast, there's an electric plate-warmer for those homes where every one comes down at a different hour, impatient for hot cereal, or for the self-service homes which want breakfast all on the table at once without extra trips.

Also for breakfast-warming or for keeping a buffet supper piping hot there are handsome copper plate-warmers, heated by alcohol burners. They are silver-lined copper skillets which are good-looking enough to appear on the table.

IN the subway the other day we saw a man selling coat pegs which have suction ends. Invaluable, we should think, for book and insurance salesmen. While you are waiting in a hot office for a prospect who is in conference with his after-lunch cigar you fix the peg to the wall, hang up the hat and coat, and wait comfortably until he is ready to see you.

W. R. B.

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The Movies

By ARTHUR M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Sadie Thompson"

THIS space was embellished last week with praises of Lionel Barrymore's performance in "Drums of Love," and now here he is again. This time it is his work as Oliver Hamilton, a "fanatical reformer" of Pago-Pago and points adjacent, which comes up for scrutiny.

Granted that he plays this part with much skill and that the part itself outranks that of Duke Cathos in "Drums of Love," the fact remains that Oliver Hamilton is one of three sour, almost blue, notes in "Sadie Thompson." The second is Sadie, herself. Of the third we shall speak later.

Gloria Swanson doesn't quite come through as the water-front broad, just as Mr. Barrymore does not with his assignment. Miss Swanson is an actress who cannot be dismissed as publicity-made, although publicity has probably done a lot for her; nor can it be said of her that she has been borne upward by her beauty. She must be given credit for one of the most flawless screen presences in the business and for no end of ability to put over an emotional upheaval scene.

Before Miss Swanson became a Marquise she was a bathing-girl, which is to her credit. Why, then, doesn't she play Sadie Thompson as a bathing-girl might be expected to do it, and not in the manner of a Marquise dressed up for charades? Sadie was so tough that when finally she got religion the transition was breath-taking; as portrayed by Miss Swanson, it's hardly noticeable.

If this be carping, make the most of it. Somerset Maugham spun his immortal yarn almost entirely around the wheel on which Sadie Thompson was broken—namely, the terrible, inexorable force of the missionary's hold upon her. It is our contention that Miss Swanson failed to get this over and that Mr. Barrymore failed, too, and that the picture suffers conspicuously as a result.

The fact that the Reverend Davidson of the story becomes Oliver Hamilton in the film should have no bearing on the case, and it had not, we thought. A fanatic is a fanatic, as all bad Americans ought to know, whether he is ordained by the Church or merely self-ordained; and there seemed no reason why the powerful Hamilton shouldn't persecute sinners, conscious or innocent, as cruelly and stupidly as Davidson had; but as played by Mr. Barrymore he seemed not to be enjoying his cruelty half enough.

The settings are splendid in their realism and the script adheres faithfully to Mr. Maugham's great story, except in one or two particulars. Which brings us to that third sour note.

Readers of "Miss Thompson" will recall that the incessant, unremitting precipitation of moisture from the tropical heavens had a sensationally demoralizing effect on the leading characters. The film shows this natural phenomenon—gallons and sheets of it. But its demoralizing effect is barely indicated, and its name—that magic word in the theatre—is never once mentioned. Until now we haven't mentioned it either, so please give us credit.

The word is "Rain."

"Simba"

"SIMBA" means "lion" in Swahili (or whatever the language is), and if you don't believe it see the picture. Lions tearing at dead zebras, lions charging the camera and clawing the native spearmen; lions sleeping and lions drinking. In one scene fourteen lions pass before you, all unaware of the camouflaged proximity of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson with gun and camera.

Hartebeests, wildebeests, gnus, and rhinoceri; elephants, crocodiles, monkeys, and giraffes—Mr. Johnson grinds tirelessly as they pass in review, while the perennially attractive Mrs. Johnson stands at his elbow with her express rifle at the ready. Albeit the big gun nearly kicks her over backwards, she shoots quick and straight, as you will see.

We liked best, of all their absorbing scenes of veldt and jungle, the giraffe pictures. The like of these studies of giraffes in action has never been seen before. But you might prefer any one of a hundred others.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have nerve, tireless patience, and a thorough knowledge of how to take moving pictures. Put this one on your list.

"Love Me and the World Is Mine"

THIS picture is the first American-made effort of that same Herr Dupont who directed "Variety." Here's hoping the Herr will have better luck next time. With all best wishes for his future success, and that sort of thing, we thought "Love Me and the World Is Mine" was just about as badly directed a picture as we have seen—ever.

Every one concerned went to a lot of trouble, too. Norman Kerry had his hair cut and Mary Philbin got out the clothes she wore in "Merry-Go-Round" and George Siegmann (also of "Merry-Go-Round") made a meaningless entrance or two. The scenes were in prewar Vienna, and everything. And whereas "Merry-Go-Round" was spirited, tender, and engrossing, in the same setting and with the same cast, "Love Me and the World Is Mine" is dull—*Ach, Gott!* how dull it is!

We hadn't seen Betty Compson on the screen for a long time. Barring a slight—shall we say—fullness beneath her comely chin, she's as pretty as ever. But even with Miss Compson to look at and our duty to think of, Herr Dupont s picture put us to sleep twice.

Thrill

IT was Epinard, the great French race-horse, and he posed and curveted while the news-reel camera clicked respectfully. The scene was a Kentucky stud farm where Epinard is spending his declining years siring the galloping champions of the future.

Some of his sons and daughters were caught, too, by the camera man as they frisked through ten-acre fields. And then an artfully worded subtitle proclaimed that for every true American an eyeful was in store: "Near by" (it read), "in his spacious pasture, dwells the wonder horse of all time—Man o' War!" And the camera swung around—and there he was.

Head up and great shoulders in rhythm, he came straight for the camera; and the applause which rocked the theatre seemed an echo of the roar which used to greet him as he thundered down the stretch. God may have made greater horses, but none more beautiful than Man o' War.

Heigho! You go and see Norman Kerry pressing Mary Philbin to his uniform; and we'll get our thrill from Man o' War standing in the blue grass, with the barrier far behind him.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Daughter

IN a river town in this country stand two empty houses. These houses are big enough to hold eight families apiece. In the past they have held that many. But now, though they stand on property worth a small fortune, their inmates are scurrying rats and cold winds that break in through the broken shutters and cracked walls. They are inhabited also by those strange airs that rise from a secret and unsolved past.

Years ago, a young fruit peddler put his savings into these houses. He was a foreigner and industrious. He had stood at his fruit-stand in sunshine and fresh air for many years before his savings allowed him to speculate. Real estate was a safe speculation. One house, and he was a landlord. Two houses, and he was able to retire, a landed proprietor. He would die a rich man. His fruit-stand was gone, and his wife; but at least he had a daughter who could share his good fortune and inherit his wealth.

Time went on. The property increased in value, and the daughter stayed on with her father. If she had lovers, no one knew about it. If she had ever wanted a husband, that was her own secret. Secrets breed secrets, and one day there was a mystery in the house where the old man made his home. There was a stairway in a corner of this house, unused for weeks at a time—one of those back passages known only to the family. On this stairway the old man's body was found. He had been dead, so the coroner reported, for two weeks. It was true, no one had seen him coming or going for even longer than that. His daughter behaved quite strangely. No, she knew nothing; no, she had thought him away on a trip. So odd and stunned she appeared that for a while the authorities kept her locked up and under observation. Then she was returned quite peaceably to her home.

There were no repairs after that. Life and tenants alike found her listless and indifferent. Paint departed from those walls, the paper sagged and fell. The shutters left their hinges and the glass disappeared from the windows. Soon the tenants too were all gone. The old woman lived on alone in that house where her father had died; the other house was given over to the rats.

On the same staircase where her father's body had been found they found, the other day, the body of the daughter. This time there was no one to be questioned. They carried her away from her valuable property, from the broken sticks of furniture, the rats and the dust; but at the morgue, they found, pinned tightly inside her corset, all that she held valuable. Rings, pendants, precious stones, a bank book. This was the only secret that she might not carry with her.

Jailed

TO a young Negro woman in this country life was very simple. One must eat, and for this one worked. For the rest, life was made up of gayety and love. When you found your own man, you took him and were lucky. Wedding ceremonies were for those who put on airs or for those who were scared and needed to pin a man down.

For a long time this young woman held on to her own—for a long time now it was her pride that he had stayed with her. They had somehow created between them that thing known vaguely as "home"—they had even created, without knowing it, the thing called "marriage." For, according to the State, she had unconsciously become his common-law wife. There was only one lack that troubled her. They had no children. Women might grow old and ugly, but children held a man. The years were happy years, but soon she would be old. Not too old to work, but there were lots of them younger, lots of them prettier, and he was always a conqueror. For the first time, she tried to think. It was slow and painful.

One day her man had word from a hospital that he was the father of a fine son, and in ten days' time his wife would return to him. Funny, when she was home only yesterday. He didn't trouble to go to the hospital. The ten days were a vacation. At the end of ten days there she was back again, and with a big, strapping baby. Too big. Funny such a young baby could be such a big one. He was suspicious, and he looked up this fine hospital. Sure as shooting, she had tricked him! No more his baby than it was hers! She couldn't have a baby.

It was worse—this baby had been stolen. In broad daylight, she had asked to hold it. She had taken it from its mother's arms, and had run away with it.

The baby was returned to his mother. The woman was put in jail, and the husband has another vacation.

Under Sentence

BY the time a man is old, if his life has been simple, his wants are few. This is the philosophy of one old man who has no home, no job, and no money. His family has disappeared into the general vagueness of life. So no one but himself was concerned when he was sentenced a few months ago to serve a term for drunkenness.

The old man sobered up gradually, and took in his new surroundings. These were the best lodgings he had known in some time. The food was good, the guards were friendly. He examined his own changed appearance. Instead of a frayed and threadbare suit, all too unwholesome for winter wear, he found himself in a natty uniform. His pride and satisfaction increased; he had never worn a uniform before. Each one of those sixty days was a cherished experience, until the last and bitter one, which marked the end of his prison term.

The world outside was strange and unfeeling. For the first time he was dissatisfied with his appearance. Besides, he was cold. Eternity might well appear like this to the man who has left behind him the cheerfulness of living. Prison had become the land of lost delight. The old man had only one need now, and that was to return.

Back at the jail, he tried to argue about it. They only laughed. He coaxed and implored, but they paid no attention. When he became a nuisance, they put him out. The other day the old man gathered himself together and broke into his prison. Against the rules, he forced his way to the cell corridors. Now at last they must arrest him!

The old man is happy again. Arrested, and under sentence, he is back in his comfortable cell, in his handsome uniform, for sixty days of bliss.

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The Street of Finance

What Is the Truth About Nicaragua and Wall Street?

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

IN the pictures of the Nicaraguan situation drawn by all of our radicals and many of our liberals the American banker is the scoundrel. The American banker is accustomed to the portrayal, and usually accepts it as part of the day's work. A survey of Nicaraguan finance during the last sixteen years, however, indicates that the picture is decidedly unfair.

In 1911 J. & W. Seligman & Co. and Brown Brothers & Co. lent Nicaragua $1,500,000 to establish the present National Bank, with a view to stabilizing the currency on a gold basis. As security, they took the stock of the bank, a necessary precaution in view of the danger that unscrupulous politicians might start the printing-press and debase the currency.

A year later the same bankers loaned the Republic $255,000 and gave it a credit for another $500,000. These advances became necessary when it was discovered that 16,000,000 more paper pesos were outstanding than the bankers had understood when they made the first loan. The credits were for the purpose of taking up this excess currency. It was at this time that the bankers acquired an option on fifty-one per cent of the stock of the national railway.

In 1913 the bankers loaned another $1,000,000 on Nicaraguan Treasury bills, which were intended to be one-year obligations, but which were extended for several years. They also exercised their option to buy fifty-one per cent of the railway stock, paying $1,000,000 therefor, and they bought outright for $153,000 fifty-one per cent of the bank stock which they had held as collateral. Majority stockholders of both the bank and the railway, they unquestionably had Nicaragua pretty well under their thumbs.

It was not their purpose, however, to run Nicaragua indefinitely. In 1920 they sold their railway stock to the Republic for $1,750,000, the only transaction on which they made a really substantial profit. Part of the payment was in Treasury bills which were not paid off entirely until July, 1924. In 1924 the Republic also regained the bank stock from the Mercantile Bank of the Americas, to whom the Seligmans and Brown Brothers had sold it at cost.

The consummation of these transactions left the American bankers without any control over the country. They had no control until March, 1927, when they lent $1,000,000 and took the stock of both the bank and the railway as collateral. In this operation the Guaranty Trust Company had replaced Brown Brothers as associates of J. & W. Seligman & Co. All but about $200,000 of this loan has been repaid, and it will probably be liquidated fully in April, when it falls due. When the repayment is complete, J. & W. Seligman & Co. and the Guaranty Trust Company will have no more to do with either the bank or the railway than the Nicaraguans themselves desire. Even now, they have no control over the collection of customs.

This is not a complete history of the country's finances between 1911 and 1927, but it is a résumé of the important transactions, the ones in which the American bankers are accused of having profiteered.

Profiteering is hard to define, but it may be the proper term to apply to their sale of the railway stock for seventy-five per cent more than the purchase price. It is only fair to point out, though, that the stock's book value was more than $1,750,000, that the appreciation in the road's value was due largely to the management installed by the bankers, and that in 1914 the Nicaraguans offered to sell the other forty-nine per cent of the stock for $1,000,000. Despite the spread between them, the prices at which the bankers bought and sold their holdings were fair.

Their only other profits have been interest and commission charges averaging about 7 per cent on the loans extended. This rate can hardly be called excessive in view of the fact that, on some occasions, interest rates within the country have been as high as 15 or 20 per cent, or the further fact that more stable nations, nations which pay their debts more promptly, have had to pay higher rates. The current loan looks quite safe now, but it must be remembered that it was granted a month before Mr. Henry L. Stimson had induced the Conservative and Liberal armies to abandon their civil war. In March, 1927, Nicaragua was anything but a likely-looking risk. Brown Brothers it seems refused to resume banking relations with the country then because the profits were too paltry to compensate them for the trouble and abuse involved.

It will be objected here, perhaps, that the bankers have an intangible profit in the agreement that Nicaragua will give the Seligmans and the Guaranty Trust Company priority on any new loan. There are two answers to this objection. The first is that such a provision is customary in loans extended to foreign countries. The second is that the priority privilege means only that these bankers must have the first chance to make the new loan. If they offer unacceptable terms, Nicaragua is free to accept any other bid.

Some agitators protest against the fact that the National Bank of Nicaragua receives an average of 3 per cent on $2,122,379 in gold deposited as reserve with New York banks. This protest is certainly unjustified. In the first place, this is 3 per cent more than member banks in the United States receive on their reserves on deposit with the Federal Reserve System. In the second place, 3 per cent is about the highest rate ever paid on such balances. The bankers' control of the money, moreover, is strictly limited. To guarantee the Nicaraguan National Bank against the loss of all or any part of these deposits they have deposited $2,340,000 worth of Government bonds with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

After discussing the bankers' pay, it is time to appraise the services they have rendered. It seems probable that they would have been cheap at twice the price. At the time of the extension of the first credit the Government's finances were in a really bad way. Its currency was worth but five per cent of its face value and was depreciating steadily. It faced heavy damage claims, the fruits of years of internal strife.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 311*)

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Tell Me a Story[1]

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

ROSA, like her Louisa Alcott namesake, was the only girl in all that Southern family of eight young cousins, and her home was the gathering-point for the clan. Grandmother lived just across the street, and happy was the evening when she came to supper. A natural-born story-teller, with the remarkable memory of her generation of women, she never refused the plea: "Grandma, tell about when you were a little girl."

Hers had been a delightful childhood of old-time ease on a Southern plantation. The Civil War, plunging her from luxury to utter poverty, had taken all the poetry from her life, but never from her heart. A fragile little old lady who wore caps, she sparkled with charm and courage. To Rosa, now grown up and married, Grandmother still lives in a radiance of her own.

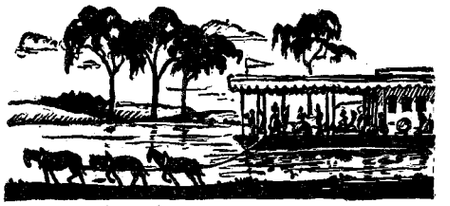
Grandmother's Christmas

As remembered by Rosa Heath Long, an Outlook reader

WHEN I was a little girl in Virginia, we lived on a big plantation, with colored slaves to work for us. Our house stood on a bluff overlooking the James River, so that from our front porch we could see the canal below. And once a day we watched the packet-boat go by.

The boat had neither sails, nor oars, nor engine, yet every day it traveled back and forth from Richmond. It was pulled by three horses, and they didn't swim either, but walked slowly along the canal bank on the "tow path," pulling the little boat, full of friends and neighbors, who sat chatting on deck and exchanging all the news.

I was very happy there, but when I



was twelve years old Mother and Father decided to send me to a boarding-school called Edge Hill. It seemed a long distance away—fifty miles—for there were no railroads or automobiles to take us, only horses; but it was taught by three granddaughters of Thomas Jefferson, and attended by the daughters of all of our friends.

So early in the summer my mother called in her colored sewing women and set them to making my clothes—a Sunday dress, a party dress, and a few for every day, all that any girl could need. My mother could not buy trimmings in the store as yours can, so fancy designs were drawn on linen and the most expert of the women were set to embroidering.

Underclothes were almost as elaborate as dresses in those days, but, like every other little girl, I owned some of the wide ruffled petticoats that had been my mother's at my age, so I did not need all new things.

When fall came, everything was ready, and at daybreak the teamsters drove off in a wagon with my little horsehair trunk and bonnet-box. After breakfast next morning, Old Peter, the coachman, brought the carriage to the door, and Moses, the colored butler, strapped on a hamper of delicious food and my father's portmanteau, with a few things for me. Mary, my old nurse, stood beside Mother, wiping her eyes and crying: "If you needs me, Miss Sally, jes' write to Missis, and she'll git Massa to send me right dar on one o' de wagons."

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available.

The first touch of fall was in the air, and we drove off along the river. I felt very proud that my big, splendid father was going with me on my first journey into the world. About midday we stopped at a clear spring for lunch and to rest our horses; then old Peter laid the carriage cushions on the ground, where I had a nice nap, for I had been too excited for much sleep.

That night we stayed at the home of friends, and the next afternoon found us at the doors of Edge Hill. I hated to bid my father good-by, but he promised faithfully that he would come back for me at Christmas-time.

Of course, I was very homesick at first, but I soon made friends, and we were all as happy as could be in our pleasant school life. Before we knew it several months had whizzed by and the Christmas holidays were close at hand. Much as we enjoyed school, everybody was counting on that visit home.

But only a few days before the holidays the sun disappeared and the sky grew grayer and heavier every hour. Two days before we waked to find the world wrapped in a white blanket and great snow-flakes falling thick and heavily from the solid gray sky. All day long it snowed; at any other time we would have loved it, but as each hour passed our faces grew longer and longer. We went to bed that night and left it snowing; next morning we waked to the same steady fall.

The worried talk at the breakfast table about the weather was too much for one or two little girls, who put down their heads and wept. Every minute between lessons was spent at the windows. That night when we went sadly to bed the snow still fell. I lived the farthest away, so everybody knew I

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could not get home for Christmas. But nobody knew the wonderful father that had always kept his promise to his little girl, so I could not quite give up hope.

When the rising bell woke us on the first holiday, we ran to the windows, and saw a world almost blotted out in snow. We had to break the ice in our water-pitchers and we could see our breath as we dressed, but the flakes had stopped and the sun was doing its best to struggle out.

Just the same, it was a very sad breakfast. Could horses ever break through such snow-drifts? There were no lessons, so we gathered at the windows and stared towards the buried road. Not a soul had passed since yesterday. All morning we watched, and after lunch some of the girls took up their posts. But there was no sign of horse or man. Too blue to join the others, I sat alone in the back of the room, wondering how I could bear to spend this first Christmas away from my dear home.

Suddenly in the middle of the afternoon there was wild excitement at the window. Far down the road horsemen were seen breaking their way. Each girl who lived near was sure it was she who had been sent for. As the horses drew closer, a dead silence fell. Every one was straining her eyes to recognize the riders—everybody but I.

Then I heard my best friend gasp and squeal: "Ooh! It's Sally's father!" The whole world changed for me in that moment. I rushed to the window. Sure enough, there was my splendid father, breaking his way through the drifts, followed by a young Negro, who was leading, not my horse, but Arab, the pride of the stables, with my saddle on his back.

As Father came up the steps of the school the sun broke through the clouds —it seemed to me, as if saluting a man who had kept his word to a child.

After I had hugged and kissed him, my father told me how he had ridden turn about on each of the three horses, breaking the way, and I laughed to think of such a big man sitting on my side-saddle. The horses were stabled, the young Negro warmed and fed, and next morning at sunrise we started home. I was such a bundle of wraps I wondered if Arab would know me—and it was very important that he should, for I was the only woman who had ever tried to ride him. When he was just a colt, he had been hurt in a blacksmith's shop, and never since then had any man been able to ride him past a blacksmith's—even my father never tried it without blindfolding him first. For me he seemed to feel he must do it, but it was heartbreaking to feel his starts of terror as he crouched past, his stomach nearly on the ground, trembling all over.

As we must pass several blacksmiths' shops on the way home, I felt a little nervous as I held out a lump of sugar, but he knew me immediately, so I mounted, and off we went through the snow. When it came Arab's turn to break the trail, Father let me lead, and Arab would have raced proudly ahead at a neck-breaking pace had I let him have his head. That ride was longer and harder and colder than our journey in the fall, but it was the most wonderful adventure of my life. And never had the lights of home seemed so beautiful as on that Christmas Eve night when my father and I rode up to the steps just as the family was going into the dining-room for supper.

The Street of Finance

(Continued from page 309)

Engineers reported that the railway was in dreadful condition, that it was little more than a couple of streaks of rust. Largely because of the bankers' efforts, the years since 1911 have seen the following accomplishments:

(1) The establishment of an efficient banking system.

(2) The stabilization of the currency. For fifteen years, with the exception of a brief period at the time of the outbreak of the World War, the currency has been anchored firmly to a gold basis.

(3) An efficient system of customs collection has been installed, adding greatly to the national income.

(4) The sloppy method of Government disbursements has been replaced by a budgetary system.

(5) The railway, which was not paying expenses in 1911, has been put in such fine shape that it has earned over $300,000 a year during the last five years.

(6) The Government debt, external and internal, has been reduced very substantially. Although the bankers conducted almost unaided the negotiations which brought about this reduction, they did not profit except in the enhanced credit position of their debtor.

Some critics, who admit the benefits brought by the bankers and the fairness of their profits, insist that the security they have demanded for the loans is excessive. In view of the persistent political disturbances in Nicaragua, however, the bankers' prudence in protecting their investment is quite understandable.

Regarding those periods such as the last ten or eleven months, during which the bankers have controlled the bank and the railway, the facts certainly indicate that their control was beneficial to the country as a whole. When they were not in control, both the bank and the railway declared large dividends, which were expended, not always wisely, by the administration then in power.

Since last spring neither bank nor railway has declared a dividend. The road's earnings have been used to pay for repairs to roadbed and rolling stock, the neglect of which between 1924 and 1927 made the payment of large dividends possible.

This indicates, not only that the bankers have worked for the benefit of the country, but that they do not operate in favor of the Conservative Government now in power. The administration would undoubtedly have preferred to see dividends declared and put into the national coffers, while the Liberals, to whom the bankers are accused of being hostile, much prefer that the profits be put back into the property. Then, if they win at the next elections, they will come into control of a bank and a railway that is just so much more valuable. Those who are familiar with foreign financing know that it is folly for a bank to align itself with any one party. Those who are not can see that, in this case at least, the bankers have not favored the party in power.

American critics probably will continue to rail against American bankers and their machinations in Nicaragua, but it is fairly clear what the Nicaraguans themselves think of American financiers. Even when they have had unlimited control of the Government properties they have retained Americans on the directorates in order to have the benefit of their advice. When the current loan is repaid in April, the Nicaraguans can dismiss every American from the bank and the railway. It is certain, though, that they won't. They know the value of the advice and co-operation of those silk-hatted rascals, the American bankers.

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Music and Musicians

The American Opera Company Presents—

By EUGENE BONNER

IN "The Marriage of Figaro" we have what is probably the best all-around piece of work the American Opera Company is putting forward in its current season at the Gallo Theatre.

Here is an opera that has been done in this city times without number. Those of us who heard it in the first decade of the present century, with the beautiful Emma Eames, Marcella Sembrich, and Geraldine Farrar, and more recently with Margarete Matzenauer, Frieda Hempel, and Miss Farrar, are naturally just a little hard to please, and the inevitable comparisons with their "But you should have seen it when," etc., etc., begin to swoop through the air like static over the radio.

As a matter of fact, within a few minutes after the rise of the curtain on the first act of this opera as presented by Mr. Rosing's singing comedians comparisons are soon relegated to the limbo where they belong—and good riddance too! An unusual and very beautiful set, consisting of a huge silver screen of rococo outlines set against curtains of black velvet, gives a fresh note at the very start. With the exception of the last act (a semicircle of tall silver columns against the same black curtains), all the scenes are played in this set, to which variety is given by different doors, draperies, or the disposition of such furniture as is necessary to the scene being played at the moment.

A superlatively good Figaro, a charming Susanna, a dignified Countess, and last, but not least, a diminutive and gorgeously comic Cherubino are soon up to their deviltries, which, as they are speaking (and singing) in English, you begin to realize are extremely funny. If any one wants a demonstration as to the real effectiveness and common sense of opera in the vernacular, let that individual hie himself (or herself) lickity-split to the Gallo Theatre and watch George Fleming Houston as Figaro getting everybody, including himself, into hot water and then getting the whole gang out again. And how the man can sing!

The Cherubino of Louise Richardson, one minute charming and graceful as a porcelain figurine, the next instant a joyous mite of a clown with wig awry and bustle askew, had the audience convulsed during the comic scenes. Frank St. Leger had his orchestra pretty well in hand, though he is hampered by a very small orchestra pit and an inadequate number of strings.

"PAGLIACCI" sung in English by a cast of enthusiastic youngsters, with entirely new effects of scenery, lighting, etc., took on a new life, and we found ourself as interested as if we hadn't yawned our way through this particular *opus* times without number. Of course the individual parts have been sung infinitely better at different times than they were the other evening, but there was an *esprit de corps* on that occasion that was contagious.

Charles Hedley as Canio gave the most touching and sympathetic performance of this rôle we have seen anywhere. Raymond Koch was a fine Tonio, and sang well, and Nathalie Hall was a charming Nedda. Edison Rice even managed to make something of the tiny rôle of Beppe, a part that is not exactly rich in opportunities, to say the least.

The Leoncavallo work was preceded by "The Sunset Trail," by Charles Wakefield Cadman. This work has little or no pretensions to dramatic interest and is, in fact, more of a cantata than an opera. Mr. Cadman's pseudo-Indian music, while well enough in its way, is quite without dramatic import. Helen Oelheim, Clifford Newdall, and Howard Laramy were equal to the demands made upon them. Both operas were conducted by Frank St. Leger.

"MADAM BUTTERFLY" is another opera that has been done almost to death in this country; so much so that in most cases, even with great singers in the leading parts, the acting and staging is usually more or less perfunctory.

Thanks to a novel *mise en scène* and the earnest co-operation of those members of Mr. Rosing's operatic family involved, this rapidly aging little work became once more the touching if somewhat improbable drama it was twenty-two years ago, when Henry Savage first presented it here under the musical direction of the late Walter Henry Rothwell. The fact of its being sung now, as then, in English contributes not a little to the enjoyment of those who like to know occasionally what's being said or sung on the stage.

Maria Iacovino, who made her début with the organization as Cho-Cho-San, was a most satisfying and wistful "Butterfly." This singer has a voice of rare lyric quality, not big, but clear, true, and expressive. Her impersonation throughout carried conviction by its very simplicity, and she was ably seconded by Helen Oelheim as Suzuki.

Charles Hedley as "that devil of a Pinkerton" and Alan Burt as Sharpless were as amiable and melodious a pair of devils as one could wish and made a pleasing contrast to the Latin rotundities usually dished up for us in those parts. Both of these singers by their youth and pleasing appearance added a distinction too often lacking in these particular representatives of our naval and civil service. Frank St. Leger got the best results from his orchestra on this occasion that we've heard him achieve so far, though he still seems to experience great difficulty keeping the orchestra and singers together in the more *rubato* passages.

The setting used is unusual and most effective. The customary drop-curtain is dispensed with, the outside of Butterfly's little house with its sliding doors or windows taking its place. These doors are pushed back when the opera starts, revealing the interior of the house, with a view into the garden beyond. In the scene of the all-night vigil, Butterfly, Suzuki, and the child look out into the audience from behind the sliding doors, which have been drawn together. The silhouettes of the three outlined by the lamp inside the house is both novel and beautiful.

IN making an entirely new version of Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio" this company has done wisely, as in the original form the little *Singspiel* was scarcely what could be called exciting or, truth to tell, even interesting. Having had the supposed good fortune to hear this work done by the company from the Vienna Opera under the musical direction of Franz Schalk with Selma Kurz as Constanza, we admit to

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having been pretty well bored by the proceedings.

Now the present production, which makes use of an entirely new version of the libretto by Robert Simon, who has introduced an important new character (a comic female hight Fatima), and the speeding-up generally of the play by new business, etc., manages to make the evening pass pleasantly enough, especially when the two leading rôles are done as well as they were the other evening.

First honors went to George Houston as Osmin. The part is by no means a great one, and the effectiveness of it depends largely on the interpreter thereof. Mr. Houston by a certain mock-dignity and very good singing gave us a really amusing and satisfying delineation of the old humbug. Helene Adler as Constanza sang with an understanding of the Mozart tradition and a purity of tone too often lacking in the singing of such rôles nowadays, and a big vote of thanks is due Harriet Eells for her tippling (and toppling) old she-rascal of a Fatima.

To deny that Mr. Rosing's organization has faults, and pretty serious ones at that, would not only be useless but harmful. Here's a new organization in its first season (the preliminary canter last season at the Guild Theatre not counting), without great financial resources to draw upon, that is giving, not only creditable, but in some cases very fine performances. To claim that the singers are the equals (with two or three exceptions) of those of the Metropolitan or Chicago Opera Companies would be ridiculous. But then no one wants to claim any such thing.

An organization such as the American Opera Company is needed, and needed sorely, here in New York. The opera lovers in this town have a right to hear opera without having to pay the exorbitant prices which have to be charged at the Thirty-ninth Street emporium. This company fills a long-felt want, and if it can survive will perhaps eventually drive home to Americans the fact that opera *can* be sung in English in spite of the insidious propaganda to the contrary kept up by the strangers within our gates. Also, it may make people realize that operas and singers that are completely unsuited to huge auditoriums may be great successes in the smaller ones.

A miniature by Cosway would be singularly ineffective hung in the dome of the Capitol. But put that same miniature in a small show-case—

Is Suburban Living a Delusion?

(*Continued from page 291*)

or the real country are precisely my chosen alternatives, and when years ago we chose the country, we did so after having tasted both city and suburb.

By country I do not mean a farm or many acres or huge castles built in imitation of English country houses. I mean a simple home built along a country road, near hills or water, from a quarter of a mile to two or three miles from the railway station, and within one and one-half hours' commuting distance from the city. This, I will admit, is a formidable enterprise, not to be entered into lightly. But it is not at all confined as a possibility to the wealthy. The pocketbook is not really involved—it is not a question of income, but of a philosophy of life, an individuality; for I'll confess that those souls which get panicky when alone do not find "the whole hog" palatable. The country is not for the Suburbia temperament.

The automobile has vastly improved the acceptability and comfort of this plan of living. I can actually arrive home in the country sooner and with less effort from the city than many of my friends who live in suburbs. And when they arrive home, they are still on streets, on concrete walks, with close neighbors, whereas I am on my two acres, with woods close about, and a freedom and privacy which can never be theirs. Here, and here alone, is spacious living with its spacious effect upon the soul.

As to the practical points of schools and household operation in the country, I can only say that in this modern day of school busses, good roads, and good grade schools in the towns within four to ten miles, the question of education has not been serious. We have pursued the plan of giving our children two years in the local high school, finishing in "prep" schools away from home. And since my friend and authority on education, Dr. Leta Hollingworth, says that her first principle of adolescent care is that children get away from home early enough, I believe that going to boarding-school at fifteen or sixteen is the right answer. This automatically reduces the adolescent social problem, which bothers many who live in the country, although my son at sixteen, with one of our cars, ranged for twenty miles about socially, and, true to "younger generation" form, found no society near home good enough!

Our own social life is in the big city, where I go at least once a week; also in entertainment at our country home, for our city friends vastly enjoy our place. We keep a small apartment in town for our town-visit convenience; but this is an extra not altogether necessary to the country-living system. Sixteen years of this kind of life has not shaken my disbelief in the relative value of the suburb, and the entire trend of the day, I seem to observe, is toward living out farther into the country, on the one hand, or intensifying it in the city, on the other. The suburb is a makeshift, and as such has its place, especially in slum eradication; but for the art of living by individuals it is, to my way of thinking, a double-dyed falsity.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See "Lights Down: A Review of the Stage," on page 304*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," Guild.—Farce, comedy, including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the doctors and people who think their own morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better than ever.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

The Movies

(*See page 307*)

"Beau Sabreur."—The so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." Lots of sand, but no ginger.

"Chicago."—A meaty, amusing melodrama with a big performance by Phyllis Haver.

"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin. Drop everything and go.

"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo looks lovely and tries hard.

"Drums of Love."—D. W. Griffith is himself again.

"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks in an outsize picture.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Laughs and pretty girls and pretty vague.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson and the Vitaphone are thrilling; the picture isn't much.

"The Last Command."—The mighty Jannings, with a good story, good direction, and good support.

"Love Me and the World Is Mine."—In this issue.

"Sadie Thompson."—In this issue.

"Simba."—In this issue.

"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch picture, and a good one. Ramón Navarro, Norma Shearer, and Jean Hersholt.

"Sunrise."—The film of the year.

"13 Washington Square."—You'll come to no harm, exactly.

"West Point."—William Haines, authentic settings, utterly preposterous.

"Wings."—A fine war picture, marred by the well-meant efforts of Clara Bow.

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A Great Jew[1]

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

DISRAELI was one of the most romantic and astonishing figures in the political history of modern times. The pride and affection in which the upper classes of England hold his memory is a singular phenomenon. An alien and a Jew by race, what the English call a "bounder" in his youth, fantastic and theatrical in his manners and dress, wearing ruffles and velvets that amazed all beholders, arranging his "perennially black" hair in ringlets, adorning his fingers with an over-display of rings, almost achieving bankruptcy in his first business venture, actually failing amid the jeers and scornful laughter of his opponents when he attempted to make his first speech in Parliament, writing bizarre and cynical novels during his political activities, a witty skeptic in a period of sanctimonious conformity, a frank reactionary in an era of political liberalism—this unique and enigmatical person, undaunted by rebuffs and failures, persisted in his political ambitions until through sheer genius he became Prime Minister of England, the master of European politics, an Earl of the Realm, and of her Ministers the one beloved and trusted above all others by Queen Victoria, who was the most pious and conventional queen that ever sat upon the throne of Great Britain.

Here, indeed, is a story to tell, and André Maurois has told it as only a Frenchman can, with wit and precision yet with sympathy and understanding. His slender volume of scarcely four hundred pages presents a portrait in outline which is confirmed in every stroke by the six volumes and the four or five thousand pages of the official life by Messrs. Monypenny and Buckle. Such compression without loss of essence or flavor is a literary feat.

To fully appreciate Mr. Maurois's achievement his book must be enjoyed in the original, for Mr. Miles's translation, although generally accurate, is not altogether satisfactory. It suffers from the fault so often committed by translators—the fault of literalism. Because he shrinks from paraphrasing, because he translates the French idioms instead of transforming them into English idioms, Mr. Miles often makes his Englishmen talk like Frenchmen speaking English. Let us take one example.

On Disraeli's death Queen Victoria ordered a wreath of fresh primroses to be laid on his tomb with the inscription, "His favorite flower." Maurois thus writes of the incident:

> On discuta beaucoup sur l'inscription royale: "Ses fleurs favorites." Des primevères . . . la simplicité d'un tel choix gênait des adversaires trop constants. Gladstone, assis à table à côté de Lady Dorothy Nevill, lui dit qu'il doutait beaucoup du goût de Beaconsfield pour ces fleurs: "Dites-moi, Lady Dorothy, sur votre honneur, avez-vous jamais entendu Lord Beaconsfield ex-primer une admiration particulière pour les primevères? Le lys glorieux était, je crois, plus à son goût.

The following is Mr. Miles's English version of this passage:

> There was much discussion as to the royal inscription, "His favorite flower." Primroses . . . the simplicity of such a choice was troublesome to certain over-constant adversaries. Gladstone, seated at table beside Lady Dorothy Nevill, said that he had grave doubts of Beaconsfield's taste for these flowers: "Tell me, Lady Dorothy, on your honor now, did you ever hear Lord Beaconsfield express admiration for primroses? The glorious lily, I think, was much more to his taste."

Now Gladstone was sometimes stilted, but never so stilted as this. Having taken Lady Dorothy out to dinner, and knowing that she had been an intimate friend of Disraeli's, what he probably said to her, after having discussed Disraeli's somewhat florid taste, was something like this: "Tell me now, Lady Dorothy, quite frankly. Did you ever know Beaconsfield to express the slightest admiration for primroses? I should have thought that showy lilies were more in his line."

The waspish Henry Labouchère once said maliciously of Gladstone in a party controversy: "I don't mind the Right Honorable gentleman's having an ace up his sleeve, but I do object to his saying that the Almighty put it there!" This, of course, was a thrust at Gladstone's well-known pulpit manner. It is true that he sometimes preached in the House of Commons, but it is hardly fair of Mr. Miles to make him preach to a charming woman at the dinner table.

Perhaps the most unfortunate specimen of Mr. Miles's English in translation is found in a sentence of fifteen words. Maurois describes Disræli's return to London, feeble and approaching death, after an absence enforced by illness, and quotes the widowed and lonely old man as saying, "Je veux voir beaucoup de gens et m'habituer à la divine voix humaine." Miles imagines Disraeli's words to have been, "I wish to see many people and to use myself to the human face divine." Such tortured meaning is enough to make "Dizzy" turn in his grave, for he did not like cruelty—least of all to the English language, of which he was a jealous guardian.

Gladstone and Disraeli were the two great actors of their time on the political stage of Great Britain. Each was a foil for the other. Their principles as well as their tastes made them inevitable antagonists, although they respected each other in spite of their mutual dislike and distrust. Gladstone, personally austere and aloof, was the champion of democracy. Disraeli, personally affable and social, was at heart a royalist and imperialist. The French appeal to *la gloire* seemed silly to Gladstone, who was temperamentally a "little Englander." Disraeli's whole life was spent in striving for glory, although he sometimes forgot, like Mr. Miles, that the French adjective *glorieux* may mean conceited or ostentatious as well as noble or honorable. Disraeli made Victoria Empress of India; extended the bounds and power of the British Empire; acquired by a masterstroke the Suez Canal, which is the aorta of Imperial Britain. To think of Great Britain in terms of human rights is to think of Gladstone. To think of her in terms of splendid imperialism is to think of Disraeli.

Perhaps the finest merit of Mr. Maurois's book, aside from its interest as a human story, is that he makes this contrast between the two great statesmen clear.

[1] Disraeli. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by nine book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Booth Tarkington's typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad. She is so real that you can hear her giggling coo, see her studiously nonchalant slouch. Every one who has enjoyed her Tarkingtonian predecessors will like to read about her. Reviewed January 25.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"A President is Born," by Fannie Hurst. Harper & Brothers. This, the story of the making of a perfect President, is the best thing the author has done, and almost any one from fourteen on will enjoy it. In fact, it is a good suggestion for boys and girls in their teens. The characters are round, living, and very appealing, and the interest wide. The ingenious device whereby the reader's imagination is called into play adds not a little to the pleasure of the reading. Reviewed January 18.

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband. The setting is post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed December 21.

Non-Fiction

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India Answers," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton, $1.50. Reviewed June 22.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this, and the change from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not disturb them. Maurois breathes life into a period which we often think of as soberly dull. His picture of English political figures against the Victorian background is full of color and brilliant detail. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a very happy choice as a subject for imaginative biography. Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott will review this later.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simple, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books and with the "inspirational" reading for which librarians are always looking. Reviewed August 17.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

A Study in Discord

"Tolstoy: The Inner Drama," by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Biographies antedating what we loosely and rather absurdly call "modern psychology" are under suspicion nowadays. As records of outer fact they remain useful, but as accounts of what Keats calls soul-making they must pass rigid scrutiny or be relegated to the scrap-heap. Biography seems to be in for a general rewriting.

To this vast task Mr. Fausset, who is both psychologist and philosopher, contributes in his "Tolstoy: The Inner Drama" another volume that maintains the high standard of his previous biographical studies. Keeping within the limits of its subtitle, the book is very specifically a study of "the baffled searcher after an art of life." Its thesis is quite simple: that Tolstoy was a strange entanglement of true vision and the violence of self-disgust; a victim of that divorce of the senses and the intellect, of instinct and reason, of the physical and the spiritual, which, the author holds, characterizes the modern world. The whole volume consists of variations on this theme, and it is a tribute to the author's literary musicianship that its repetition does not become monotonous.

Chekhov once said something to the effect that, while "Anna Karenina" does not solve a single problem of the age, it states them all perfectly. Mr. Fausset makes us feel the same of the author of "Anna Karenina"—that his struggle is nothing less than our own and humanity's. We are reminded of Dostoevsky's great sentence: "God and the devil are fighting there and the battlefield is the heart of man." And so, without being long, the book has something of an epic sweep as it traces the successive attempts of its protagonist to find satisfaction in the indulgence of the senses, in self-chastisement, in the embrace of primitive nature, in war, in marriage, in art, in moral and religious teaching, in a return to the simple life. What a man! This wealthy despiser of property, this count who longed to be a peasant, this thinker who was the implacable foe of the intellect, this artist who scorned art, this man who adored and dreaded music, who feared and ex-

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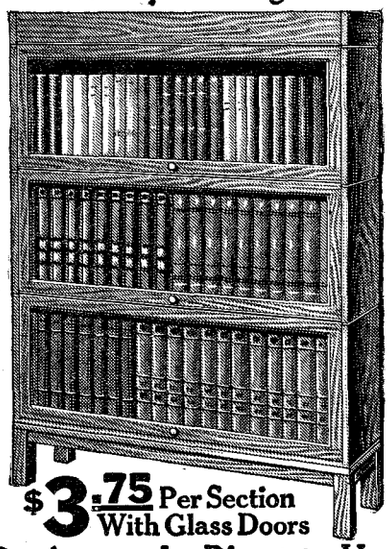

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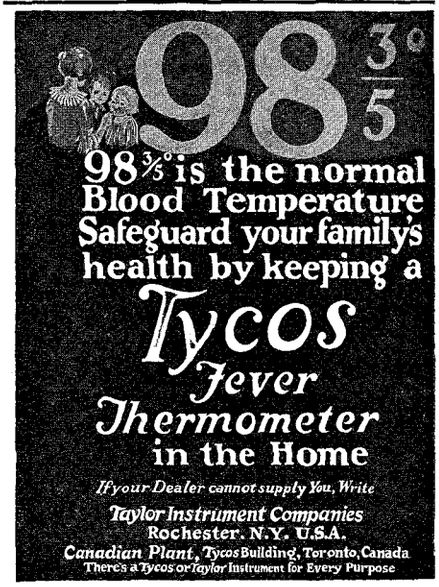
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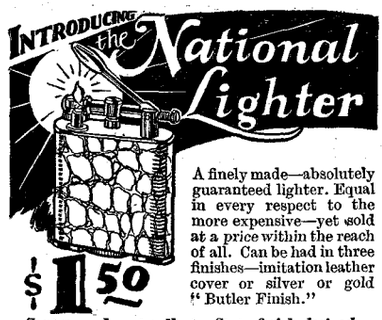

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ulted in death, this fighter for non-resistance, this humble egotist, this deifier of love and slave of sex. "I will tell the truth about women," Tolstoy once said to a group of friends, "when I have one foot in the grave. I shall tell it, jump into my coffin, pull the lid over me, and say, 'Do what you like now.'" We laugh perhaps, until Gorky, who relates the incident, adds: "The look he gave us was so wild, so terrifying, that we all fell silent for a while." Mr. Fausset's book, we might almost say, is written to explain that look.

In doing so the author does not keep in the background. The work, like his previous ones, is full of his own ideas and philosophy. "A great portrait," says Samuel Butler, "is always more a portrait of the painter than of the painted." In so far as the remark applies to this volume, most readers will find Mr. Fausset himself engaging and his ideas sound. Otherwise, the method would be objectionable.

This book has one danger: that in its concentration on the man's struggles and failure it may allow some to forget that, in spite of all, Tolstoy was "a madly and tormentingly beautiful man." Fortunately, there are four portraits reproduced (in what, by the way, is an artistically made book throughout). The last Lear-like one especially enables us to understand the two great sentences with which Gorky concludes his "Reminiscences of Tolstoy:" "And I, who do not believe in God, looked at him for some reason very cautiously and a little timidly. I looked and thought: 'This man is godlike.'" A Titan, however, rather than an Olympian.

HAROLD GODDARD.

Emergency in the Church

"The Impatience of a Parson," by H. R. L. Sheppard. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

This book is one apart in its personal quality and note of urgency. It is one man's most unconventional and direct plea in an emergency. It has therefore an unstudied impetuosity of style and a breath-taking audacity of attack that single it out among contemporary voices. The only recent book it suggests is "The Christ of the Indian Road." Both have their power in their bold stripping of Christianity of its accretions, the one in its impact in the East and the other in the West. Both are indices of a movement, no man dare say yet how great, to release the Nazarene from his ceremements so that he may walk the road of today.

The present book deals more particularly with the established society of that Nazarene in post-war Britain, but be-

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hind the pages on ecclesiastical reform looms continually the rediscovered Son of Man. Sheppard speaks in his dedication of his great desire to make that society more humane. The book proves again that the clash between institutionalist and Modernist is going to be fiercest in the Established Church in England, that land which in its social and ecclesiastical life has longest perpetuated old forms. This book heralds disestablishment, and more.

Sheppard's thesis is that our civilization will go down in fifty years, unless Christianity saves it. But the Church today is a caricature of what Christ intended, and profoundly ignorant of the very essentials of its faith. The chief counts here are its false nationalism, over-emphasis on intellectualism, love of position and prestige, the fact that it is out of relation to the need of common men. The Church must demonstrate Christ's values, which men aspire toward and would welcome. This will require a complete renovation. The Anglican Church has a primary responsibility. In 1930, at the next Lambeth Conference, it should announce a thoroughgoing relinquishment of its favored status and exclusiveness, and proclaim the Father-God values of Jesus with all their social corollaries today. This will include notably disestablishment, disavowal of the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, the removal of hindrances to common communion with adherents of other churches, and the practice of "literal Christianity," individually and as a body.

The tone of the book is drastic, but charitable. The danger of fanaticism is skirted, though there is a bit of unreality about the picture of a Lambeth and a Primate à la Sheppard. One feels that we have here a reformer with a reformer's prophetic contribution, and with the reformer's defect—a lack of the historical sense. "Pure Christianity" is something not found in society. It is always something that works through the particular forms of an age or a nation. Even the Sermon on the Mount itself cannot be taken as a code. There is a certain nervosity in the book which is characteristic of much post-war thought. The war has frightened us, shaken our trust in historical forces, and given social thinkers a feverish sense of sole responsibility. We should give heed to Principal Jacks, who told us on his last visit that our society is sick, but not dying. We can be grateful for Mr. Sheppard's unique appeal for a re-editing of Christianity for our times, and yet remember that, in spite of even Great Wars, with God a thousand years are as a single day. AMOS WILDER.

Louis Golding's Book

"The Miracle Boy," by Louis Golding. A. A. Knopf.

Last week The Outlook printed an article by Louis Golding, whose earlier books, "Sicilian Noons" and "The Seacoast of Bohemia," have given much pleasure to American readers. Mr. Golding's most recent book is "The Miracle Boy," published last fall. Stripped of its rather too luxuriant trimming, it is a story tragic and ludicrous, pitiful and gross. A traveler in the Tyrol comes upon the painted images of a blue-eyed peasant boy with a raven on his shoulder. Patiently pushing past the stubborn silences of peasants and the curses of the priest, he learns the legend of the local miracle boy. It is a variant of the Redeemer myth. Only the devout, awestricken words of simple people can give to such the ring of truth. Mr. Golding, associating his miracle worker with Etruscan as well as Christian gods, chooses rather to make of the story a satirical melodrama, telling it to that end with a sharp sophistication which is very effective. His introduction of prestidigitators, brought from the London music halls by the miracle boy's rival in love in the hope of disabusing his credulous followers, is a masterly touch of the macabre. There are descriptive passages, too, which are adroitly used for a cumulative effect of horror. Munich during the blockade, for instance: its *Ersatz* food; the grotesque performances of its starving inhabitants; Hugo's first Communion and the raven's sacrilege; the peasants at the rock tomb on Easter Eve, awaiting the rising of their Redeemer. And Mr. Golding's comment on neo-bohemia, his knowing use of studio jargon, which is permitted by the introduction of a shell-shocked Hungarian painter-soldier as a character in his drama—this is very entertaining. But the book is studiously clever, elaborately light. One suspects that Mr. Golding deliberately lays aside good red-cedar logs which he has, preferring for some reason to work with bricks of bright pressed sawdust. F. C. L. R.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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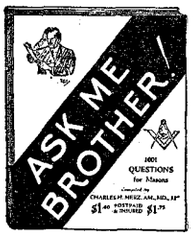

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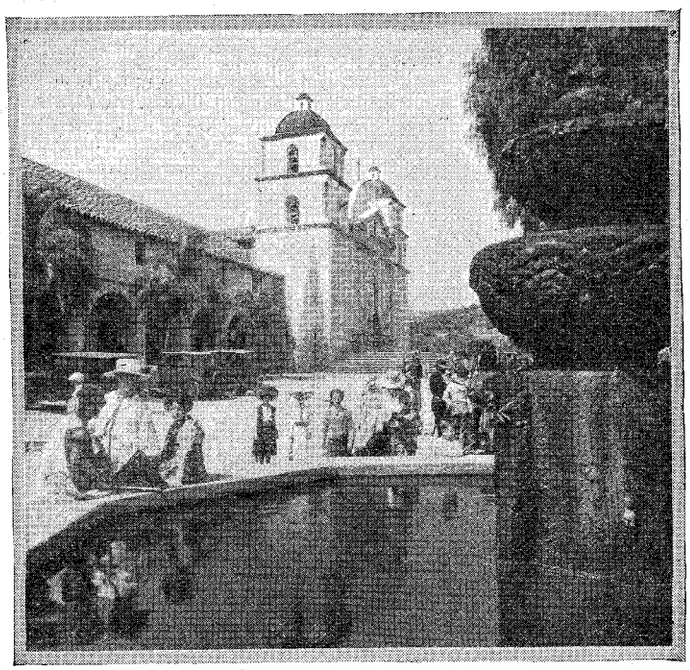

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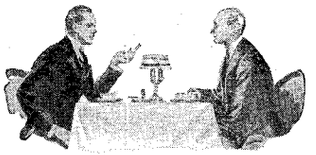
FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS



IN the spring of 1938 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

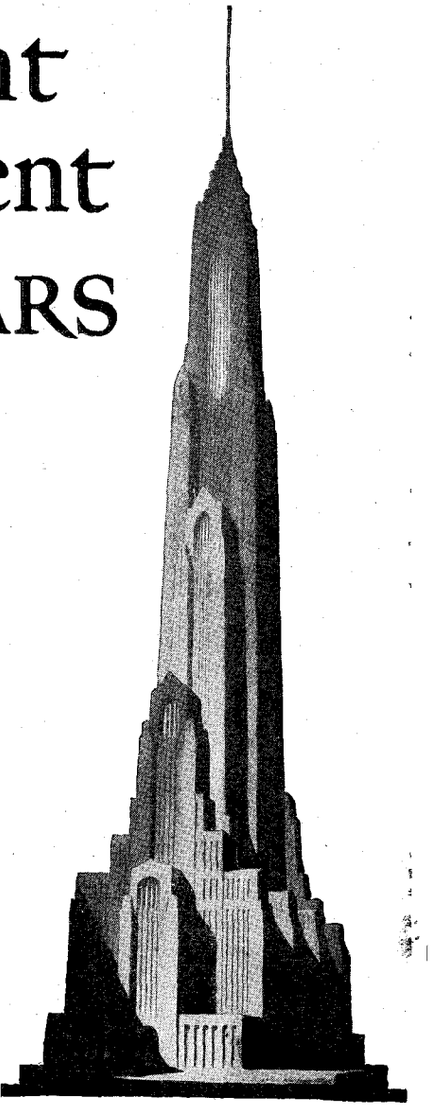
The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1928," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done more fortunes made, than ever before."

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than nineteen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

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